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NOTES OF THE WEEK

WHEN Mr. Baldwin warned redundant directors of public companies, in his speech at Glasgow last week, that in the interests of efficiency and economy they ought to go, he said a true and necessary thing. If rationalization of industry means displacement of labour, as he rightly said it does, then the displacement must be borne at both ends, and may well begin with those who pull least weight. But Mr. Baldwin's apparent view that the unemployment and distress in the country to-day are largely the result of this process of rationalization and therefore a necessary evil is rather more complacent than the facts warrant. Rationalization has hardly begun in this country in the big basic industries. So far from being due to rationalization, a good deal of the unemployment is due rather to the lack of it. Co-ordination and re-organization would go far to bring about a revival which would produce a marked improvement of employment all round. But it has to be faced that while the process was in operation the figures might temporarily become worse.

Unemployment is the biggest political factor of the day. It, far more than Local Government reform or any other of the subjects occupying the attention of Parliament, will decide the course of the next election. The distress in the coalfields in the coming months will be something pitiable to behold. The Lord Mayor's fund is hopelessly inadequate to deal with the distress; it is unfair to place on the shoulders of the Lord Mayor of London the responsibility for an emergency that is national. The Lord Mayor has now called a conference of the heads of cities and municipal boroughs to see what assistance can be organized. The Rural Deans of the South Wales mining areas have issued an appeal based on the very sensible proposal that more fortunate localities should assist those that are destitute. After the war, various English towns "adopted" French towns in the devastated areas; the suggestion is no more than that we should now do the same for our own people. The town of Worthing has set an excellent example by adopting the town of Brynmawr. The idea contains the seeds of a big national movement. We are certain that if the gravity of the situation were understood there would be an immediate response; the trouble is that the public in general have not begun to realize how serious



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things are. What is required is something that will touch their imaginations. Experience shows that the appeal to the eye is the most vivid and direct. We suggest that the Lord Mayor's Fund or some other competent authority should prepare a film dealing with the misery in the coalfields and have it shown in every kinema up and down the country—even in America as well—accompanied by a silver and copper collection. There need be no fear about the response.

Last week Lord Lee of Fareham in the course of an admirable appeal for better relations between Great Britain and America threw out a proposal for a straightforward talk between outstanding British and American statesmen, such as Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Hoover, or Lord Balfour and Mr. Hughes, to clear away the misunderstandings the experts have created for us. The amount of comment devoted to this proposal in the United States shows how fully the importance of happier Anglo-American relations is realized. Lord Lee's speech has helped to clear the air. On Thursday it elicited an unofficial and not very important rejoinder from Mr. A. Britten, of Illinois, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives and a well-known Big Navy man, who proposed a conference between a group of his committee and a group of British Parliamentary representatives, to discuss a basis of naval limitation. The important reactions to Lord Lee's speech are to be noted in the American Press. The *New York World* goes so far as to say that relations between the two countries "are at a point where, unless there is a decided turn for the better, they are almost certain to become much worse." More and more it is becoming clear that an agreed basis of naval limitation must be preceded by another agreement: the crux of the matter is the revision of maritime law. News from the other side suggests that this is the view that over there is increasingly coming to the surface. Senator Borah is credited with the intention of re-introducing, if and when the Peace Pact has been ratified, his resolution calling for a conference on the codification of maritime law. The subject is an extremely difficult one, but it must be faced. There is a growing tendency to face it, on both sides of the Atlantic, though on this side naturally and rightly with much caution and reserve.

It is not, perhaps, very fortunate that at this precise moment there should come announcements of an Anglo-Japanese understanding with regard to China. By the Washington Treaty of 1922 the nine Powers with interests in China promised to refrain from individual action; the American State Department, by signing a separate and unannounced treaty with China, has obviously failed in its promise. There can, therefore, be no real substance in the suggestion that the Anglo-Japanese conversations constitute an unfriendly act. But if, as is almost certainly the case, the suggestion of a revival of the Anglo-Japanese alliance has no more foundation than a restatement of the Washington Treaty pledge that neither Power will

try to take an unfair advantage over the other in dealing with China, it does seem unfortunate that we should have made such a promise just when the Japanese negotiations with Nanking have reached a deadlock. Mr. C. T. Wang, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, has demanded the evacuation of Shangtung Province by Japanese troops, while the Japanese Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs has declared that these Japanese troops will never be withdrawn until satisfactory guarantees for future peace and order have been obtained. It has been widely felt in this country that Japan acted with undue haste both in Shangtung and in Manchuria, and there seems to be no good reason why Great Britain should imperil her present favourable relations with Nanking by appearing to support the policy of the Japanese Government.

It is now well over two months since the representatives of the ex-Allied Powers and of Germany agreed in Geneva on the appointment of one committee to settle the reparation question and another to deal with such disputes as might arise in the Rhineland after the ex-Allied troops had been withdrawn. Neither committee has yet been appointed and, as time goes on, agreement between France and Germany seems to be more, rather than less, remote. It is announced that British official circles are decidedly optimistic, but it is difficult to see how France can be persuaded to deal with the problem from the point of view of fact rather than of fancy; that is to say, from the point of view of Germany's capacity to pay rather than from that of how much France would like Germany to pay. Both France and the United States want the problem to be solved with the least possible delay. It is therefore not surprising that Herr Stresemann, who is an astute politician, should show a marked readiness for the whole discussion to be shelved.

By expressing his desire that the obstacles which have hitherto kept the United States out of the Permanent Court of International Justice should be reconsidered, President Coolidge has gone far to dissipate the uneasiness felt in Europe after his Armistice Day speech. It is welcome news, too, that Mr. Hoover is said to be as keen as the President on American membership of the Court. But it is quite clear that the present members of the Court will be no more ready to accept the American reservations as they stand than they were in 1926 when they held a special conference in Geneva to deal with them. Had the United States consented to be represented at this conference, a compromise might have been reached; plainly Washington cannot have the right to veto a unanimous request by the Council for an advisory opinion from the Court.

As the Court is constituted at present, no government is compelled to submit any dispute to it unless it has previously signed what is known as the Optional clause accepting the Court's jurisdiction in disputes of a legal nature. On the other hand, the League Council has the useful right of asking for an advisory opinion which, while not binding on the parties to any dispute,

greatly strengthens its hand in dealing with a recalcitrant State. It has never yet been made clear whether the Council can decide by a majority or must be unanimous in asking for an advisory opinion. If unanimity were declared to be necessary, the United States might be represented on the Council when the question of an advisory opinion came up. If a majority sufficed, the United States would suffer no more than any Council Members which were in the minority. Some compromise should not be impossible, especially if Americans remember that advisory opinions are in no case binding.

It is a *cliché* to say that the chief hope of the British milk producer lies in increasing the consumption of milk, which stands at a remarkably low figure in this country. To this end the Milk Publicity Council was constituted in 1922 from representatives of Producers, Distributors, and the Ministries of Health and Agriculture. It did excellent work, for whereas in the Council's first year the four railway companies were bringing 72 million gallons of milk to London, the figure had increased to 117 million gallons in 1927. Work by the Council in the Birmingham schools had created a new market of 20,000 bottles of milk a day, and similar progress was being made in other towns. For reasons that have never been satisfactorily explained, however, the National Farmers' Union Headquarters withdrew from the scheme just when the money spent on the spade work of the campaign was beginning to bear fruit, and it recommended its branches to follow its example. As a result, the Empire Marketing Board's offer to pay 50 per cent., up to £50,000 a year, of the cost of advertising British milk by this means, if the producers and distributors would pay the other 50 per cent. between them, has gone a-begging. Is there any industry other than agriculture that would have thus rejected an offer of £50,000 and free advertisement? It will provide the Government with an excellent reply next time the farmers charge them with neglect of their industry. Meanwhile there are rumours of petty spites and jealousies which, even if unfounded, are doing the N.F.U. a great deal of harm.

We are threatened with an Americanization of our electioneering methods. The coming General Election will be a "mechanized" election—though the political equivalent of the infantry will still be the deciding factor. The Conservative Party have equipped themselves with a "movie-tone," the Liberals have a terrifying loud speaker, which will trumpet forth the Liberal gospel with a vigour which it is said can be heard more than a mile away. We are not aware that Labour has as yet adopted any such intimidating engine, but it is not backward and may yet be seen offering gramophone records of Mr. MacDonald's speeches to an eager electorate. Meanwhile there is a deadlock in the negotiations which have been proceeding for the broadcasting of political speeches. The suggestion was that, as there are two Oppositions, the Government of the day should have two innings to each of the other parties' one; but the other parties are not

agreeable. There, for the moment, the matter rests, and we cannot say that for our part we are inordinately agitated by the delay.

Mr. John Drinkwater is perfectly right in describing the zeal for censorship as a lust for interference. The most of our reformers are persons with an itch for power and no capacity to acquire it by sane activity in the general life of the nation. Consciously or sub-consciously, they have discovered the easiest way, for them the only way, to power. Banded with others of the same temper they seize on some one "evil" and cannot rest till they have forced it into a preposterous prominence. One band is now proclaiming that the supreme issue, the thing by which every Parliamentary candidate must be judged, is liquor. Another, we suppose, will presently promote the censorship of literature to the first place among the problems of the nation. If they cannot govern us in the manner of statesmen, they are resolved to control what we pour down our throats and into our minds. It does not occur to them that virtue is an affair of voluntary choice, not the consequence of a denial of opportunity for vice. Nor does it occur to them that as there is some difference between wood alcohol and the best produce of Bordeaux in respect of the faculties exercised in enjoyment, so there is some difference in the cerebral action excited by a piece of vulgar pornography and that aroused by a work of art. All that they are after is an excuse for indulgence in a particularly contemptible vice of their own, that of petty tyranny, and neither Mr. Drinkwater nor another will ever convert them.

The tercentenary of Bunyan has released, as it was bound to do, a great flood of vague eulogy. No doubt Bunyan is a classic, but is he really much read now, and does he deserve to be read again and again? "Salvation's Defoe," Mr. Kipling called him some time ago. The compliment is perhaps earned by 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.' 'The Holy War' is largely unreal, and the second part of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' a great decline from the first. But, of course, it is not Bunyan the literary artist to whom general homage is being rendered now. His genius as a writer left out of account, he stands for many things cherished by Englishmen who care not a jot for literature. His indirect and only partly artistic influence is probably not much diminished, but we should not care to assert that he is the familiar companion of even one-tenth of those who cite a few of his allegorical characters and finest passages.

Next week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be a special Christmas Number, with a coloured cover by Mr. John Armstrong and a number of additional articles as well as the usual contents. Orders for this number should be placed now.

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THE KING

AS we write, there is reason to hope that the worst danger to the King has passed, but anxiety still dominates all our thoughts. For the King, though he has a good constitution, is not a strong man; and our modern democracy works its monarchy very hard. The autocrat indulges himself when he exercises his power, but the reign of a constitutional monarch is one long act of self-discipline, and he rules by the maintenance of a just equilibrium which keeps him perpetually on the strain. Nor has he the consolations of a Prime Minister in his toil, for he has no colleagues and no prospect of rest and less responsibility should fortune not favour him. The office of a King is always lonely, however fortunate he may be in his Queen and in his children, and of late years it has become lonelier.

Three great and several lesser monarchies have fallen in Europe since King George succeeded to the Throne; though they were most of them inimical to his country, it is an anxiety as well as a privilege for a monarch to feel himself the representative of a constitutional system that is becoming rarer in the world. That a king is beloved of his people is one of the common-places of flattery from which every wise king must pray to be delivered, but of King George it is a simple statement of fact more potent than most of us perhaps imagined a week ago. His task has been more difficult than that of King Edward or Queen Victoria. She succeeded to a Throne for which there was no genuine popular affection; she left the monarchy stronger than it had been since the days of Elizabeth, partly by her statecraft, even more by the halo which length of years and old association attached to her office. King Edward succeeded to a popular affection for the Throne of which the people themselves had only recently become conscious, and while he retained and strengthened it he might have been a slack and unwise king and not wholly have forfeited it.

Far harder was the task of King George to consolidate the position which his father and grandmother had slowly acquired and to hold it against a siege of battering days such as overwhelmed most of the other monarchies of Europe. He might have been the ablest and wisest of kings and still, but for virtues peculiarly his own, in such times as we have gone through have seen a great falling off in popular affection for the institution of the monarchy. King George makes no pretensions to very great ability nor has his personality the forcefulness of his predecessors. But it would tax the ingenuity of malice to point to a single mistake of temper or judgment that he has made during a reign that is lengthening more rapidly than the older ones among us like to think. He has seen his country struggling between life and death and throughout he was the embodiment of the nation's sober judgment, patient rather than heroic, and perhaps for that very

reason more typical of his people. He has seen great troubles in domestic policy and the rise of a new party in the State, and never for a moment did he misjudge it, a thing which cannot be said of most of our politicians. He has no more enemies in the Labour than he has in any other party—an amazing achievement when one thinks of what might have happened if he had made a single slip. A *douce* temperament, a realistic sense, a dislike of theories and a disposition to take everything and every man on his merits have contributed to this result. But he has a more positive gift than these. He has carried the difficult practice of a constitutional monarch almost to the point of genius. He is the perfect pattern of kingship in modern democracy, and in the combination of the qualities of mind and character that have made him that one can think of no one who has excelled or even equalled him.

DE-RATING EXPLAINED—

THE Local Government Reform Bill has been so persistently represented as a complicated measure—which is perfectly true of its details—that even those who could readily grasp its essentials have been shy of making the attempt. The second reading of the Bill, which occupied Parliament during the first half of the week and was carried on Wednesday, was conducted on a remarkably high level; the speeches of Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Miss Susan Lawrence were masterpieces of exposition. This notwithstanding, the public remains hazy in its mind about the Bill, and in general it is most disliked where it is most misunderstood. It is to the interest, and the urgent interest, of the Government that the measure should be grasped in its broad national outlines before detailed criticism is pursued.

In skeleton, its aims are simple. Its purpose is to relieve productive industry of the burden of rates, and at the same time to reorganize the administration of local government and to change and improve the basis of the State's contribution to local finance, with a special eye on necessitous areas. Productive industry, including the railways, is to be relieved of 75 per cent. of rates, and in the case of the railways the relief is to be passed on to industry again in the form of reduced freightages. Agriculture, which is already relieved of 75 per cent. of its rates, is now to be relieved of the remaining 25 per cent., and to go free of rates altogether. In order to make this possible it has been decided to recast, by spreading more evenly over wider units of control, the system on which local revenue is administered. Some reform of this system was in any event long overdue. Accordingly, Boards of Guardians are to be abolished and poor law relief undertaken by the county councils, with the aid of Public Assistance Committees, and of Guardians' Committees on which representatives of the late Boards of Guardians will serve. In the same way, control of the highways is to pass (county boroughs excepted) into the hands of the county councils, but here again provision is made for some measure of decentralization, for powers may be delegated to urban and district councils.

To cover the cost of these changes the Government propose to pay a block grant to each area in place of the various grants-in-aid which they now contribute. From this block grant police and education services are excluded, and will continue to receive percentage grants as at present. The block grant is to cover the total amount lost in rates *plus* the total hitherto paid in grants-in-aid, and there is a guarantee that the block grant shall never fall below the sums so paid in the standard year 1928-29. There is a further important guarantee that the proportion of local expenditure now borne by the State, taking the country as a whole, shall at least be maintained in future years. This means that if the total of the country's local expenditure goes up, so will the Exchequer's contribution.

The chief difference occasioned by the change from the variable grant system to the block grant system is that the State contribution will in future be based not, as at present, on local expenditure but on local needs. These needs are to be calculated on the size and population of the area; but since two areas of approximately equal size and population obviously might have very different needs, a formula of calculation has been drawn up under which the population is "weighted." This means that for the purposes of reckoning the grant the population of an area is deemed to be other than it really is; that is to say, various relevant considerations are taken into account—the number of unemployed insured persons per thousand in the area, the percentage of children under five, the density of houses per mile of main road frontage, the rateable value per head of population. These factors are estimated to operate so that most assistance will be afforded to those areas that most need it. The change over from the variable grant system to the block grant system is to be made gradually, in three quinquennial periods, at the end of each of which there is to be a reconsideration of the needs of each area. In the first quinquennium only 25 per cent. of the whole grant will be distributed by formula; the remainder will represent loss of rates and grants-in-aid as at present. In the second and third quinquennia the proportion will be increased to 50 per cent. and 75 per cent., and by 1945 the whole distribution will be upon this basis.

These, briefly but without any essential omissions, are the objects and methods of the Local Government Reform Bill. The Bill is much more than a de-rating Bill; it is a Bill to reorganize a whole system of local government that has long been obsolete. It is even more than this. It is an attempt to benefit the whole of industry, to reduce unemployment, and to hasten a renewal of prosperity for the whole country. The scheme draws a bold distinction between the producer and the distributor (the exact boundary between the two still awaits legal definition) and is designed to relieve most immediately the producer. It is the case of the Bill's opponents that for this relief the distributor and consumer will be made to pay; but it is the Government's case that these persons will ultimately benefit, because an improvement in industry means an improvement all round—in employment, in wages, in spending power—and that thereby the whole country will profit.

— AND EXAMINED

IT will be necessary before the Local Government Reform Bill finds its way on to the Statute Book to deal at many points with its details. For the moment we must content ourselves with a roving examination of the Bill's general principles, and see how and where the condemnation of those who are opposing it is justifiable or otherwise. For this purpose it is convenient to take the "reasoned" amendment to the second reading moved by the Labour Party. We take this because it set out *seriatim* the main objections that are raised to the Bill by its political opponents.

The Labour amendment (for convenience we have divided it into sections) asserts that the House declines to assent to the second reading of a Bill which:

(a) "While amending the law relating to poor relief perpetuates the evils of the Poor Law system and extends the vicious practice of unrepresentative persons being nominated to membership of elected bodies." Nothing which does not abolish the Poor Law can avoid perpetuating some of its evils. As for unrepresentative persons being nominated to elected bodies, that again would seem to be unavoidable under a scheme whereby Boards of Guardians are to be abolished. Representation on the Public Assistance Committees and Guardians' Committees provided for by the Bill is to be composed as follows: As to one-third, of elected members of the county council; as to one-third, of persons nominated by the county councils; and as to the remainder, of persons nominated by the area in which the committee is to operate. Making the large assumption that the persons nominated by the county councils will hold the same views as those of the council members, this would give the council a two-to-one majority on the committee. And since the councils will supply and be responsible for the finances of the scheme, this does not seem to be an unreasonable proposition. Much of Labour's objection is to the disappearance of the existing Boards of Guardians, which it regards as more democratic bodies. To this it may be replied, first, that the degree of enthusiasm in which democracy holds them is shown by the percentage of the electorate which can be roused into voting for them at the Guardians' elections; and second, that the wasteful overlapping of these bodies, both in functions and areas, far outweighs their advantages and that in superseding them the Bill seeks to preserve their best qualities by the appointment of these very delegatory committees to which the Labour amendment takes exception.

(b) "Makes no provision for the prevention of destitution." This is vague. What is meant by "destitution?" Are the destitute the aged and the sick, or are they the able-bodied unemployed no longer eligible for insurance benefit? If the former, the Bill provides (under Clause 4) that those county councils which wish it may treat such persons not under the Poor Law but under a number of specified Acts which they may adopt for the purpose. If the latter, the Bill seeks to provide for these through the general de-rating of industry. The first object of

the Bill is to relieve industry of rates and to apply the Exchequer grant in lieu thereof in such a way that necessitous areas may benefit most. Does not this make provision for the prevention of destitution? But the Bill relieves all industry, and by the method in which the formula is to be gradually introduced is likely at the outset to benefit prosperous industries a good deal more heavily than is intended when the formula is in full operation. It may even be urged that this is one of the main strengths of the Bill: that while it has not been found possible to benefit depressed industries to the full extent at the outset, it relieves all industry at a stroke, and by the immediate relief to prosperous industries may so increase their prosperity and capacity for absorbing employment that depressed industries will also benefit.

(c) "Fails to make unemployment a national responsibility." This is a weighty criticism, that deserves full consideration. It is in some ways a reasonable contention that the relief of the able-bodied unemployed who do not come under the insurance scheme should be made a national charge. It is a view that has been urged from the Government as well as from the Opposition benches, and it cannot be lightly dismissed. The Government, however, have made a compromise, and by no means an unjust one. Under the Bill, unemployment is not to become an exclusively national responsibility, but it is to become a good deal more nearly so than it is at the present time. By the formula on which the Government block grant is calculated the population is to be "weighted" on a basis that will increase the grant to areas in which unemployment is heavy. The average of unemployment per thousand of the population at the present time is 2.1. The maximum in an area, any rise above which will entitle that area to an increased contribution from the Exchequer, is set by the Bill at 1.5 per thousand. This means that the State will assume responsibility for unemployment at a point considerably below the average now obtaining. The principle appears to be that it is both fair and wise to hold local areas financially responsible for a certain minimum of their unemployed. To relieve them of all responsibility might be to remove from them the main incentive to improve the situation, might tend to encourage local *laissez-faire*. There would further be danger from the creation of a new army of bureaucrats, wasteful and irritating in its activities. Nor is it certain that local needs would be as closely or sympathetically considered under a centralized system as they could be under the system which the Bill adopts.

(d) "Will not appreciably relieve the financial position of necessitous areas." The Bill, and especially the formula, have been specifically designed with this purpose. In his opening speech the Minister of Health asserted that of the £24,000,000 of rates of which industry is to be relieved, £18,000,000—or three-quarters of the total—will be lifted from the depressed areas. This preponderance will not, of course, be fully effective immediately, but at the end of 15 years; and it is possible that by the time the formula is wholly in operation it may be partially out of date; that is, that the areas which are necessitous now

may in fifteen years' time be prosperous. Even if this were so it would not invalidate the Bill. The object of the Bill is to relieve industry—all industry—of the burden of rates. The greater the relief the greater will be the total national benefit.

(e) "Will arrest the normal and steady development of local health services by the establishment of fixed block grants from the Exchequer and the imposition of a charge for treatment in hospitals, especially maternity hospitals, a proposal calculated to increase the already high mortality among mothers." This, too, is a serious and reasonable criticism; one, indeed, that, while it does not compromise the main purpose of the Bill, is of such consequence that at the appropriate moment we shall have to deal with it *in extenso*. For the moment it is enough to say that it is unlikely that this part of the Bill will go through exactly as it now stands. In his speech on Monday, Mr. Chamberlain made it clear that he is prepared to accept reasonable modifications in this direction should they prove to be necessary.

(f) "Inaugurates a system of rate relief that will be unfair in its incidence and (g) by failing adequately to reimburse local authorities for any loss of revenue will add to the burdens of shopkeepers, householders and other ratepayers." We take the last two clauses together. If by "unfair in its incidence" is meant that the relief of industry is to be met by the general rate-paying consumer, we have already dealt with that criticism. Clause (g) repeats this charge. There is the guarantee in the Bill that the State contribution to any area will never fall below the combined totals which such an area will lose in rates and grants-in-aid through the change to the new scheme. The Government calculate that of the 62 counties, 55 will gain, and of the 82 county boroughs, 71, at the end of the transition period. It is also reckoned that seven out of every ten individual ratepayers will benefit. The remaining three-tenths are guaranteed against loss the first year, and although it is possible, and even probable, that they will suffer some extra burden thereafter, its incidence is scaled to take effect gradually over a period of 14 years—that is, until the formula is 100 per cent. in force—by which time there is the possibility that a general increase in prosperity resulting from the full national effects of the scheme will have more than counterbalanced it. The rating relief is designed to give such an impetus to industry that at the end of a few years not industry only, but every ratepayer, will derive advantage from it.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE outstanding event of the week has, of course, been the beginning of the big battle over the main structure of the Government's Rating and Local Government reform scheme, but a lively skirmish preceded it on Thursday when a supplementary estimate was presented to cover the antedating of the railway freight reductions to December 1 of this year, ten months before de-rating can be brought into full operation. As the Opposition affect to treat the whole business as a carrot (and an imitation one at that) dangled before

the nose of the electoral donkey, they obviously do not want the public, which is not such an ass as they suppose, to be convinced of the reality of its ultimate reward by being given a preliminary bite. It was quite good Parliamentary tactics to question the constitutional form of the grant, but it needed Commander Kenworthy's ingenuity to point out that, actually, while unwashed carrots were among the commodities scheduled for rebate, washed carrots were not. It was a little difficult to follow Mr. Pethick Lawrence's criticism, re-echoed by others of his party, that while the lowered price level which they attributed to the Government's financial policy was a primary factor in industrial depression, yet industry should be forced to pass on the benefit of these rebates to the consumer. There was more substance in the grievance of certain private mineral railways which are omitted from the scheme and in the doubts, which certainly ought to be cleared up, about the position of patent fuels.

Later in the evening and on Friday, a rapid advance was made with the Measures discussed last week. As a comment on Labour Party discipline Mr. Kirkwood's combination of a renewed protest against the salaries and pensions of Diplomats and Law Lords with a righteous proclamation of self-restraint for not challenging a division, caused great amusement. Sir Vivian Henderson also contributed to members' entertainment by telling Mr. Garro-Jones, who wanted access to the House made easier and safer by a tunnel under the neighbouring streets, that he would always be glad to facilitate the passage of the honourable gentleman underground.

* *

A crowded House listened with rapt attention for two-and-a-half hours to Mr. Neville Chamberlain when he moved the second reading of the Local Government Bill on Monday. The atmosphere suggested Budget day, and the Minister of Health, though unaided by the dramatic possibilities of surprise which a Chancellor of the Exchequer enjoys, achieved a triumph as great as even that occasion can afford. When he sat down "even the ranks of Tusculum could scarce forbear to cheer." His speech, proceeding smoothly from clause to clause of the little volume which the Bill is, not only displayed the author's mastery of the subject, but revealed the conception of a great mind. With the sure and light touch of a skilful surgeon he laid bare the organs of the local body politic and explained the operation whereby the ailments which he diagnosed might be certainly, albeit not altogether painlessly, treated. So great an impression did he make that succeeding speeches hardly counted. Mr. Greenwood, who moved Labour's rejecting amendment, scarcely made a pretence of answering him, but delivered a previously prepared oration in which he took refuge in the well-worn devices of imputing imaginary motives and proclaiming hypothetical assertions. Clearly the Opposition will find it harder than ever to maintain that the scheme is the last wild gamble of a moribund Administration, and their other chief speakers on Monday, Mr. Dunnico, Mr. Ernest Brown and Sir Henry Slessor, did little more than put up a smoke screen pending the mobilization of the bigger guns.

Several excellent speeches from back benchers kept up the interest in the debate on Tuesday. Miss Susan Lawrence subjected the Bill to the first really searching criticism it has yet received and made as good a speech as has been heard from a private member in this Parliament. She knows her subject and her arguments were well chosen and tellingly delivered. She was followed by General Wright, the victor of Tavistock, in a maiden speech which gained the spontaneous applause of the House. His constituents should be pleased with him for standing up for their interests, and the Government have acquired a sup-

porter who knows how to put a convincing case. One wondered what Mrs. Runciman, who is now to be his opponent at the next election, thought of it, just as one continues to wonder what Mr. Lloyd George thinks of her. Major Stanley delighted his audience with well-turned sallies at the Opposition's expense and talked sound sense when he urged that this was "a Measure which co-operation may improve but which opposition cannot defeat." He had one or two useful suggestions to make.

* *

On Wednesday, the debate, instead of rising to a climax, rather lost itself in the sands. As Mr. Chamberlain observed on Monday, the Opposition parties need not have confused the issues by putting nineteen indifferent arguments against the Bill in their amendments if they could have found one really good one. Mr. Sidney Webb was prolix, not very audible, but, at times, quite funny. In the absence of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Harney did his best, but was not very successful in giving coherence to the Liberal point of view. Mr. Lansbury's winding-up speech for Labour could better be described as windy. It was mainly a repetition of a familiar line of rhetoric which the House has often heard from him before. Sir Kingsley Wood was therefore a little handicapped in replying for the Government by having no new points of principle to deal with. On matters of detail he very properly reserved the Government's defence till the Committee stage. The Opposition case continues to circle round a number of indeterminate and somewhat contradictory criticisms: for instance, that rating relief is a large dole to employers and landlords, but that it is not large enough to help trade or employment; that Local Government reform ought not to be tacked on to it but that Poor Law Reform does not go far enough; that the alterations in the grant system will injure health—and particularly maternity and child-welfare services.

FIRST CITIZEN.

PROHIBITION

By D. S. MACCOLL

THE other night a little group of men interested in our public galleries wrangled amicably round the fire. There were ardent spirits present who were all for the humming activity of American administration against what they declared was the passivity of British: on one side they painted a perpetual movement of exhibition, immense lecturing and "publicity," inspectors, also, to see that the pictures are looked at, and if not, why not; teams of able-bodied men to scour the galleries and hold the telephones till every householder has "come under the sound" of their gospel and joined the local and prodigious equivalent of our modest National Art-Collections Fund; in fact a revivalist campaign in the field of art: on the other side a take-it-or-leave-it attitude; a belief that those who really like and really can see as well as look at pictures will find them out; no one to welcome and nurse the visitor in the galleries, and directors who pursue an obscure occupation in offices instead of going out into the street and compelling the wayfarer to come in. At some of this the more Laodicean of the company were inclined to jib; at an advertisement system by which six and eight—or is it eight and six?—is spent to gain a pound in subscription, at the illusions of visual education through the ear, at the notion that the appetite for this one of the arts calls for a forcing "encouragement" by the State with which the butcher and the baker can dispense, and that it is a matter of duty

or even salvation to enjoy oneself in this particular fashion.

One part of the programme was readily conceded; the young should be passed through the galleries before they leave school (as they are, it appears, very profitably, at Norwich), so that the elect of this art may discover that it exists and spread the infection among susceptibles; for the rest, the galleries are there and the pictures are there, State-provided or donor-provided, and if there would be an advantage in brighter and fuller notice-boards and other ways of making smooth the path of the bland vague mortal who now avoids and passes by, there is no call for hustling people into heaven, if the heaven is not theirs. The arts of music and the drama are not so happy. No State buildings exist for their performance, and the music is *not there* and the play is only half there, if not performed. Here is a real and glaring gap. But the Blatant Beast of advertisement kills the divine stealth of beauty; God is not in the whirlwind, the earthquake or the fire, but in the still small voice; and Moses, the outsider, who insisted on seeing Him, was vouchsafed no more than the back of the picture.

So were the two sides stated or over-stated. But a further difference arose. In the States there are not only huge funds at the disposal of the museums for acquisition, administration and exposition, but it is the rule that collections formed by the millionaire (largely at the expense of our ancient stores) pass at his death out of circulation into one or other of those multiplying concentration camps. In England there is little of this and but for connoisseurs of foreign blood among us there would be less; the collector buys and keeps, or buys and sells, and private circulation would be maintained, if there were not, at each dispersal, the draw of transatlantic purses. The ardent spirits were once more all for the American, the democratic idea that no one has a right to seclude and enjoy a work of art, and for its propagation, in the poor degree possible, over here. The Laodiceans regarded the vast public collections as a necessary evil, and one of them contended that even in America they need not be thought of as eternal: a revolution might break the locks and send the prisoner-masterpieces travelling again. "A Revolution! But how?" Well, a country that has already enacted Prohibition against Drink might easily come to vote for Prohibition against Pictures. The armies and the batteries for such a campaign are all mobilized and at work, but hitherto this most obvious of abuses has been ignored. To begin with, the picture-traffic is an immigration of aliens, and the patriotic statesmen who have stemmed a tide of the living Wop and Dago will see to it that this more insidious ancestral stream is dammed. And what aliens! Purity, as well as Patriotism, will take the field, the Nudes will have to go, and Morality will bundle after them all that is not domestic in the high hundred-per-cent. manner, or uplifting in the high commercial; to Ellis Island will depart all the scenes and portraits that recall the loose living and disreputable lives of lands monarchical and effete. No less terrible and drastic will be the onset of Religion, for the Fundamentalist-Protestant will realize that in State-supported or tolerated establishments the Pope and his minions are sheltered and abetted in the contamination of the youthful mind. The painters of one period favoured by a foreign and poisonous æstheticism were to a man Catholic: will the country that has rejected "Al" in succession to "Cal," because even the "side-walk" did not wipe out the taint of Rome, will that country abide, once it is awake, the presence at its heart of accursed doctrines and heathen rites recommended by the meretricities of paint? Clearly the days of this anomaly are numbered; the pictures will one day return, at reduced prices. Sir Charles Robinson used to tell how, when he was called

in to report upon the Old Masters of Glasgow, a baillie, shocked by their character, proposed that they should be traded to the Japanese, "who," he understood, "were a vara immoalr people." So might righteousness and commerce kiss.

But not only in the States is there a hopeful prospect for Prohibition. We are slow, but we follow. About the time that the Yankees are prohibiting painting, we shall be prohibiting literature. The police have already stolen many marches upon us, as the SATURDAY REVIEW forlornly witnesses, and not even the SATURDAY REVIEW has noted them all. The Bobbies are already the censors of our public art as well as of our public manners. It is they who decide the surprising shapes taken by roads and refuges at their points of confluence, and if they have their way no more statues or memorials will be permitted to steal a yard from traffic space. Only the accident of an Act of Parliament prevents the permanent exile of Gilbert's fountain from the Circus, and the sharing of a refuge in Whitehall by the statue of Lord Haig has been frowned upon so that buses may tear down that spacious thoroughfare three abreast. What with those Puritans of traffic in the streets and the other fanatics of unrelieved greenery in the parks, to whom sculpture is a worse blot than love-making, statues of the great will soon be hunted from the four-mile radius and pounded with the British Museum's carefully cherished files of the local news-sheets from Greater Piddle in some far suburban repository.

We are not so often fortunate in those well-intended effigies that the sleep of the Home Secretary will be notably disturbed should they disappear. When he comes to prohibit novels as a part of obscene literature, beginning, as Mr. Havelock Ellis has pertinently remarked, with the Bible, there may be a more appreciable disturbance of his repose. Not every woman in this island is yet a novelist, but the proportion is very high and rapidly increasing, already high enough to affect the result in a closely-contested election. Having obtained the vote by violent means, women are probably as much disillusioned about that privilege as men had long become; this brand of prohibition might drag them to the polls and delay the reform of Mudie and Smith, and the expurgation of the classics. But with Mr. "Rd." (is it still "Sickert" or only "A.R.A."?) and other leaders of thought behind the police, the great movement will be only checked, not throttled. Will the delicate squalors of Camden Town then be safe from conflagration? When the house of Deiphobus is down, *proximus, O Rd. ! ardet Ucalegon.*

The result will, of course, as with all revolutions, be very different from what was intended. Police magistrates and judges live in a charmed world where "morals" and their relation to law are black-and-white affairs, about which no change of attitude is conceivable or debate anything but an outrage. For them the end of wisdom is to sit on the safety valve of free speculation. Nor are the defenders of such moral tracts and fictions as come before the Courts less remote from the real issue. They cover it up by declaring that such books, however wicked, are great works of art, which they very frequently are not. The beginning of wisdom on this difficult and debatable ground is to recognize that the novel is an instrument for trying-out imaginatively what otherwise will be tried-out actually, but in furtive ignorance. Suppress the means by which a writer throws into character and narrative this or the other problem, individual and social, and by which the reader can identify himself with the experiment and judge its value; do that, and you extinguish the danger signals. To prohibit the imagined experiment is to provoke the actual; the persecuted idea, good or bad, thrives underground. The Home Secretary and the police, if they follow that course, will have their work cut out for them with a vengeance.

THE GOBI DESERT DISCOVERIES

By H. J. MASSINGHAM

SOME five years ago the American Museum of Natural History organized an expedition into the Gobi Desert ostensibly to test the validity of the theory—suggested by Dr. Osborn, its head, and supported by Davidson Black, the Professor of Anatomy at the Peking Medical College, and others—that man and the primates originated in Central Asia. It is possible that a little window-dressing was stage-managed on behalf of this heroic claim, for while the American public would despatch herds of dollars to pull the wheels of an expedition bound upon so spectacular a quest, it would undoubtedly prove more retiring if a palæontological exploration alone were the avowed object.

Off went the Caravanseraï on its Golden Journey, and in the praiseworthy spirit of the old Conquistadores who laughed at the locksmiths of trackless swamp, inhospitable forest and marauding Indian in their passionate faith in El Dorado. As Blake said, "Everything to be believed is an image of truth," and as time went on the window-dressing began to dominate the minds of the treasure-seekers as at least a potential reality. The invaluable gains to zoology and our knowledge of a very hoary past, together with the lesser increments to the perspective of human prehistory, became of less moment in the public consciousness than the lure of the Gobi bubble as the primal ovum of the Hominidæ.

This is a great pity, for, after all, is not the discovery of the first eggs of the Dinosaurs, those Robots of the oozy backward of time, fantasy of fact enough? This year, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who has been paying a flying visit to England at the conclusion of the present season's excavations, tells us that new Dinosaur eggs were found shaped like those of the ostrich, who, in his farouche mien, portentous strut and stare of unfathomable imbecility, looks and indeed is in the royal and ancient line of these Saurians of the steamy slime. Other News from Necropolis was even more stirring. The newspapers, with characteristic modesty, announced that Dr. Andrews and his fellow peepers into the primeval had unearthed the largest animal ever known. The *Diplodocus Carnegii* in the South Kensington Museum is no pigmy, so that this Gargantua of the Tertiary began to loom in the imagination like a walking skyscraper. Nearer reference to the source of the information showed the earth-shaker to be "the largest mammal ever known." Even this estimate has to be a bit foreshortened, for a mammal 25 feet long, 14 feet high at the shoulder and even with a neck 12 feet high cannot wrest the honours from Moby Dick. The *Baluchitherium*, so called because remains of an allied species of this extinct rhinoceros have been found in Baluchistan, is the largest land-mammal yet discovered, and, as he is sizeable enough, the point of our wonder is not blunted by the truth. An animal with a humerus as long as a man and a pelvis as long as a sofa (Dr. Andrews does not say whether he means one of the Tottenham Court Road genus) may be said to hold his own without claiming the post of Nature's hugest hubris.

Another rhino of the Gobi who makes his modern collateral descendant look quite fairylike was the *Titanotherium*, whose skull was shaped like an American stock saddle, whose bulbous nose pointed like a grotesque parody of the Child's Prayer to the skies, and who possessed a trunk but apparently no mouth. At least his mouth was not where it should have been as mouths go. He was related to other types found in Europe, India and Africa, while his actual fellow has been revealed only in America. As the

expedition also collected a new *Mastodon* with close affinities to the famous Nebraska specimen, it is plain that the Gobi was a metropolis in the Secondary and Tertiary periods for the differentiation and distribution of animal life. It is probable that they reached America by way of the then land-bridge of Behring Strait. But the discoveries in the Gobi neither dispose of nor affect the possibility that South Africa was the original cradle of the mammals.

Man, of course, did not accompany these grotesques in their migrations either to or from the Gobi Desert, though nobody would so conclude from the reports in the more picturesque Press. The truth is that the human finds in the Desert lend no colour whatever to the grandiose theory that Central Asia was the original homeland of the evolving human stock. The expedition made it clear that a Palæolithic people whom Dr. Andrews calls the "Dune Dwellers" were once abundant in Mongolia. No fewer than fifteen thousand implements, flaked knives of jasper and chalcedony, scrapers and the like have been collected, together with decorated bones, a tooth necklace and objects of shell and stone. Dr. Andrews suggests that these people were mainly bird-snarers and frog-eaters, hunting the wild ass and the antelope when they thought it worth while. They lived in skin-shelters on the sunny sides of banks and migrated into Siberia, China, and possibly into America by the old land-bridge. Quite plausibly, too, they were in some way related to the aboriginal Indians of the North American Continent.

But the attempt to thrust these primitives back into the mists of the Pleistocene, and so aggrandize their stature, mates science with fiction. The newspapers talked cheerily of a million years ago, and even Dr. Andrews whacks off a pretty large slice of time with his "from 20,000 to 30,000 years ago." What is the evidence? It is non-existent. Dr. Andrews admits that the implements bear a sufficiently close resemblance to those of the Upper Palæolithic in Europe to date them if not in time, certainly in culture. He even mentions their kinship to the Azilian culture of Europe, where it was short-lived, with the Neolithic, unquestionably the first civilized phase in the West, treading upon its heels. The most extravagant estimates of the longevity of the Upper Palæolithic are still prevalent, though every decade or so sees them cut down by thousands of years, so that archaeology is gradually approaching Professor Elliot Smith's view that the Aurignacian or first phase of the Upper Palæolithic may not have begun much earlier than about 5000 to 6000 B.C. The Azilian-Tardenoisian culture was a decadent epipalæolithic succession to the Magdalenian or last phase of the Upper Palæolithic proper, and there is no evidence that Neolithic man appeared in Western Europe before 2000 B.C. There is some slight evidence of Neolithic man in the Gobi Desert, but as there is none that either he or his primitive forerunner there spontaneously invented their culture in Central Asia, the probabilities are that both peoples migrated from somewhere in the West into Mongolia. If that be the case, the Upper Palæolithic culture of the Gobi would certainly be later than it was in Western Europe.

The only real evidences for the presence of a very ancient type of the Hominid Genus in the Far East are *Pithecanthropus Erectus* in Java and the Uppsala tooth in China, found in 1926. This was apparently contemporary stratigraphically with *Pithecanthropus*, who belongs to the Lower Pleistocene, the earliest period of the Quaternary Epoch. The tooth was of the *Dryopithecus* pattern, an archaic ape with human affinities. It was christened *Sinanthropus*, and has had a great deal to do with raising the enticing mirage that outlined the Rodinesque figure of man climbing to his human form out of the once fertile wastes of Central Asia.

Actually neither Pithecanthropus nor Sinanthropus prove more than that ape-men and men-apes were wandering round the coast of Asia in the dawn of the modern geological period when Java was a part of the mainland. In comparison with these ancients, the Gobi Dune-Dwellers are men of yesterday.

IT PAYS TO BE HOMELY

By GERALD GOULD

I TOLD Phyllis that she owed it to herself to be beautiful: I should not have said it, but that the debt had so obviously been paid. I was turning over the pages of an American magazine which explains to you, in its editorial matter, what the stars of the screen are like; and in its advertisement matter, how to become like the stars of the screen. Really, I wonder that anybody stays away from Hollywood! It must be easy, there, to earn enough to become beautiful enough to earn enough: the wheel of achievement comes full circle, and, lubricated with cosmetics, starts again.

"European Scientist Discovers Remarkable New Kind of Voice Training," I read out to Phyllis; but she said she thought her voice was good enough for the silent drama. If the weakness was in the brain, I said, she could "Send No Money" to "A World-famous Celebrity," who would teach her to read minds. She promised she would Send No Money; but I did not feel that I had helped her much. I implored her to Have Shapely Feet, Unmarred by Bunions, and a Perfect-Looking Nose: the latter, I pointed out, was obtainable from a Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist in Binghampton, N.Y. But Phyllis only looked into her glass, and the retort was adequate. "If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—" I began; but there again the glass set her mind perfectly at rest. I was reduced to offering her a Simple, Safe Home-Treatment for the Banishment of Moles.

She also, I reminded her (reading from my magazine), had a career, as important to her as a movie-star's to a movie-star. With any girl or woman, I said, that career depends largely on charm and appearance. Any evening might affect it—perhaps somebody was coming whom she liked to see. Was it not worth while to obtain, in *thirty minutes*, a radiant glow, an animated look, a really clean skin, a clear skin, a soft, smooth skin, and all the foundations of beauty? Phyllis said thirty minutes was a big slice out of a young girl's life. "Smooth skin even more important than beautiful features, say leading directors": that was my slogan: but it failed.

After that, I could scarcely hope to succeed with eyelashes and eyebrows, for they take thirty days to the skin's thirty minutes, and I could not find what leading directors had said about them. But it was clear that somebody had been clever. "The most marvellous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*." Travelling downwards, we come to the eyes themselves: "If you want lovelier eyes—do this!" And so back to noses, which might well by this time have gone wrong again. And downward still—"Beautiful women usually

have beautiful hands"; a famous illustrator of magazine covers will tell you how dogs and hunting never spoil her manicure. Up again to the hair—down again to the rose-petal skin—I tried to get Phyllis into the mood of Rossetti's sonnet:

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
Following her dally of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

"*Thirty days!*" Phyllis was murmuring derisively; but I had found How to Have Kissable Lips; and, alas, that was a longer business! "Lips that tantalize can be yours in two months. Perfectly shaped and without cost or discomfort." Of course, I urged, the sentences would run concurrently; you could be glossing the hair, growing the eyebrows, shaping the nose, rose-petalling the skin, beautifying the hands, mortifying the bunions, all the time that you were rendering the Lips Kissable. But not all, I feared, "without cost": and, just possibly, not all without discomfort. One must suffer to be a beauty, though certainly the suffering seems to get less. "You can banish those annoying embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir"; and "Science Fights Fat," without the trouble of diet or exercise. "They used to call me Fat Emma," one star records: "although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for 'fatties.'" However, she knew what to do: "in a few months I regained my youthful figure." Then there are those who Ended Pimples in twenty-four hours; those who decided to have "Pretty Round Faces and Necks"; and those who found that "Moulding Your Own Body Is Fun." If you are not satisfied with your first nose-adjuster, here is another one—"safe, painless, comfortable. Speedy, permanent results guaranteed." (But Phyllis wanted to know *how* speedy; were we working just now in minutes or months? A similar ambiguity seemed to haunt the promise of "pretty ankles and calves—almost immediately!") "Are You Powdered to Your Satisfaction—and His?" cries one advertisement severely; and another sums the whole philosophy of the matter in a sentence: "Personal Appearance is now more than ever the key-note of success."

Is it? One would hate (I said to Phyllis) to think that all the industry was wasted; and Phyllis said yes, one would hate that! Speaking as a sociologist, I said, I was a little bit staggered by the panoply and paraphernalia: the armies of advertisement-writers and testimonial-contributors: the factories: the mail-orders: the raw material: the formulæ and the fashions. I pictured a huge shifting of economic centres—an alteration in the balance of life—a redistribution of cash, time, interest. How far, I asked, was the thing to go? I pointed to the photograph of a lady who "had a surgeon remove five pounds of flesh from her hips." The dotted line, I explained, indicated "where the surgeon took a tuck in Molly." There can be no doubt that Molly is of the stuff of heroines, and can spare five pounds of it without winking: but—I must

ask the question, we must face the doubt—is it, is it, all of it, worth while?

In the very magazine from whose advertisements I have quoted, I found an article entitled: "It Pays to be Homely: in Matrimony, Fortune Favours the Freckled"; and beginning:

I bring tidings to the freckled. I sing solace to the bow-legged.

To the cotton-topped, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and even cock-eyed, whose closest friends insist on telling them, I offer poems of peace.

And it goes on to talk of ravishing sirens, complete with glossy hair, brilliant complexion, kissable lips, who have missed out on that little bungalow for two; while ungainly kids, with large wrists and spreading mouths, marry good-looking and popular men, and have lives which are every girl's dream come true. Perhaps the great change has been accomplished; the thirty minutes, the two months, are up; almost everybody has become perfectly beautiful; and there is a premium on the few remaining plain.

I offered this suggestion to Phyllis, but she did not seem to care.

AMONG THE COOKS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I DO not know exactly what I expected to find at Olympia, when I went there on the first afternoon of the Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition, but I do know that I did not find it. I arrived at West Kensington—that strangely remote and sinister district—when it was blowing a gale and the rain was lashing the streets and everybody was running hard, head downward. The lights of Olympia looked very cheerful, comforting, and I think it must have been when I was racing the last hundred yards that I entertained false visions of what would happen inside the place. Perhaps I had a fleeting picture of the vast hall of Olympia all succulent and steaming. The programme of the Exhibition encourages such visions, for on the front page is a spirited sketch of a chef holding up a pan and dipping a spoon into it. A beautiful smile lights up his face, and there is no doubt whatever that he is at your service, is preparing something, and that in another minute you will sit down and enjoy whatever there is in that pan. I think I imagined the whole Exhibition to be like that, seeing myself walking down long aisles, one for soup, one for fish, and so forth, all crowded with enthusiastic cooks begging me to try something. By the time I arrived at the turnstile, my mouth was watering.

Olympia, I am afraid, is too Olympian. It is so big that it immediately takes the character out of anything that happens there. I must have been, in my time, to four or five exhibitions there, all different, but they all looked alike, squatting beneath that colossal glass roof. Why I should have imagined that the cooks would break this spell, I do not know, but they certainly didn't. Their exhibition looked exactly like all the other exhibitions, at least in the general effect. No savoury steam rose to the dim glass above. No genial mob of white-capped chefs, begging me

to sample their latest masterpieces, was anywhere to be seen. I do not say it would have been impossible to have something for nothing there. I was invited to sample some Virol-and-milk, some custard, some ginger wine, and brown bread, all of which I politely and mournfully refused. A man does not creep into the shadow of M. Escoffier to taste such things. At first, indeed, I could not see any food. The stalls seemed to be all given up to machinery and uniforms and printing and shop equipment and other dismal matters. A large determined man insisted upon demonstrating to me a new and ingenious trouser-press and finally compelled me to buy one, though I did not want a trouser-press. A severe young woman handed me a pamphlet and before I had time either to look at it or to go away she began a passionate monologue on the subject of arrowroot, about which I have always been—mistakenly perhaps—completely indifferent. I lingered for a moment at a stall where carrots and other vegetables had been cut into fantastic shapes, but a man hurried forward with a glitter in his eye and a patent kitchen knife (10 different uses) in his hand, and I slunk away.

Then I discovered a young man who was actually engaged in cooking something; at least I saw him put some vegetables and a piece of meat into a kind of stew-pot. This was no ordinary stew-pot, however, for it apparently had something to do with high steam pressure. "No water needed," I heard the young man say. "The vegetables are cooked in their own steam." I drifted away, for I am not a man who can find any interest in Brussels Sprouts, even though every sprout is artfully led on to cook himself in his own steam, at four in the afternoon. And I did not even linger at the stall where a facetious young lady, with a manner faintly reminiscent of Marie Lloyd, demonstrated how things could be fried in some new sort of oil. She gave me the impression that she had been standing before audiences, frying-pan in hand, day in and day out for the last six months. If at once you don't succeed, fry, fry again, she must have been telling herself. Not very far away was a table piled with pamphlets all about the Army; there was a full-blown recruiting sergeant in attendance; and to the right of the table, not two yards from the sergeant, was a mysterious dark doorway. I disliked the look of these arrangements; they wore a sinister air; and I asked myself why the Army should come recruiting in such an exhibition, why the sergeant had found this rather dark corner; and I decided that there was probably a plot to spirit away young chefs, who would remember being asked to peep inside the dark doorway and then would remember nothing until they found themselves in a mess kitchen in Aldershot.

It was not until I reached the very centre of the vast hall that I understood what this Exhibition can really do. There, in all its glory, was the *Table d'Honneur*, where *les maitres* exhibited their culinary trifles. They were magnificent but they were not the food. It was impossible to imagine yourself eating one of these astonishing exhibits. I never quite understood what most of them were made of or how they could possibly have been concocted. That

Chinese garden—for example—a trifling dish two yards long by one broad—containing a pagoda, bridge and stream, summer-house, trees in bloom, flower-beds and paths, mandarins and ducks, all as gaily coloured as an Oriental print—you could stare at it and admire it, but how could you possibly eat it? Suppose you were the host and this astounding dish was brought in by four staggering waiters—what could you do about it? Would you attack it with knife, fork, or spoon? And where would you begin? To give one person quarter of the pagoda roof, a branch of the cheery tree, a couple of ducks, to give another half a bridge, a bit of flower-bed, and some garden path, this would be unthinkable. I will never believe such things were ever meant to be eaten. Lucullus himself would never have dared to plunge a table spoon into them.

There were innumerable dishes of this sort, people, buildings, birds and animals, whole scenes, all cunningly shaped and coloured. I think my favourites were some trays packed tight with tiny baskets filled with every imaginable kind of *hors d'œuvres*. Even these, however, had a glazed and varnished look, and, like the rest, suggested wooden toys rather than food. It would have been great fun to have seen some very bold and irreverent person suddenly produce a knife and fork and eat one of these exhibits, but I could not imagine a knife or fork penetrating them. What I could imagine was the horror of the assembled *maitres*, for it was here that you found the chefs, serious but loquacious Latins, with bowler hats, tiny beards, and ribbons in their button-holes. This was the opening day of their Academy. Were they deciding what was to be the dish of the year? I don't know, but I am still ready to give my vote for the Chinese garden.

After that somehow I contrived to see quite a lot of food, mostly light and sweet stuff. There were rows of exquisite *gateaux*, delicious riots of chocolate and almond icing, whole orchards of marzipan fruit, trays of *petit fours glaces* and bonbons, macaroons and raspberry sponges, and the most tempting rolls of Vienna bread. And what happened after I had stared at all these delicacies? I will tell you. I visited a dingy marble counter, brother to all those that you and I have visited in railway-station refreshment rooms, and demanded a cup of tea. This cup of tea came from an urn and tasted, as usual, of liquorice and warm leather. "Will you have a bun with it?" the girl at the counter asked, and she indicated a glass case full of those buns that are only to be found in railway refreshment rooms. "I will *not* have a bun, thank you," I replied politely and sadly; and, taking my cup of tea in my hand, I turned my back on the counter and surveyed, without enthusiasm, what I could see from there of the Thirty-First Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition. "By this time," I told myself, "they are probably awarding the gold and silver medals for Raised Game and other pies, for Petit Fours, Gateaux and Patisseries, for Nouille Paste and Fancy Meringue Work. I'm going home." A useful, interesting, *good* exhibition, undoubtedly, but rather—a little—I don't quite know what to say—stand-offish, perhaps.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

REDUCTION OF LICENCES

SIR,—The limit mark for the withdrawal of liquor licences on the grounds of redundancy must surely have been reached by now. The Licensing Act, 1904, established a system of forcibly reducing the number of licences, which commenced in 1905. In that year there were 99,478 "on-licences," equivalent to 29.27 per 10,000 population, whereas in 1927 these figures fell to 79,330 and 20.19 respectively. This average is not represented in all areas, and cases arise where there are not sufficient licences to supply the needs of the inhabitants of such districts. The result is overcrowding and want of proper supervision in houses that have not the facilities to cope with the demands placed upon them.

Again, the builder is enlarging the area of some parts, or even creating fresh populations altogether. Such instances provide an alternative to the continual cancellation of licences and compensation from the fund. This alternative is that of a transference of a licence, where it is referred for compensation, to another area or part of a district, so avoiding the loss of a licence, saving compensation and providing proper facilities where they are required, besides enabling the authorities to avoid levying contribution to the compensation fund, to meet the expense of such withdrawals.

I am, etc.,

JOHN A. PACE

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

SIR,—Commenting on your article on 'The Freedom of the Seas,' I take leave to point out that blockade is nothing but siege. Is siege on land also to be abolished? And if not, why not?

If there is to be "Freedom of the Seas" in war, why not also "Freedom of the Land" in war; of Belgium, for instance? The answer to these questions is that the land-faring soldier nations always have and always will league against the only seafaring nation.

As for a blockade of Italy having "very small effect," Italy, like Greece, is almost an island and to close her seaports and restrict her foreign trade and war supplies—such as coal—to a frightfully expensive and thin railway trickle through a few holes in the Alps would soon starve any Italian war and most Italian people. Italy is ideal to blockade.

Blockade, by stopping war supplies, can prevent most wars from starting and stop in a few months those that do start, as it stopped the last war in six months after America herself insisted on a real watertight blockade. To abolish blockade is to make wars easier and longer.

I am, etc.,

PARALLAX

[It is impossible to argue from sea to land, but as our correspondent has chosen to do so it is fair to point out that he has chosen a bad example in citing Belgium, who was guaranteed neutrality. Blockade could be used with more deadly effect against this island than against any other nation.—ED. S.R.]

D.O.R.A. AND PERSONAL FREEDOM

SIR,—A friend of mine who had been prevented by urgent business from lunching at his usual time finally succeeded in getting away about 2.30, and, arriving at the restaurant both hungry and thirsty, was told that although he could have his meal he

could not have his customary bottle of ale. This is a country which is supposed to be free. Surely in view of the vast national problems calling for solution, the Government could find something better to do than the forging of such ridiculous shackles upon the personal freedom of the citizen. One hears continually individuals complaining; but, unfortunately, while those who are never happy unless interfering with their neighbours' liberties are organized, those who value personal freedom are not organized, and as a result a few determined faddists are able to impose these ridiculous restrictions upon us.

I am, etc.,

29 Dalmeny Avenue, Norbury

E. BELL

JUSTICE TO ANIMALS

SIR,—Mr. Beedell's protest against the traffic in worn-out horses will be generally endorsed, but he seems to base it upon somewhat insecure ground; and it will not gain strength if it is in any way made a political issue.

Pius IX rather startled the world a good many years ago when he declared, *urbi et orbi*, that it is a theological error to suppose that man owes any duty to the lower animals, but the truth which he thus bluntly enunciated is very commonly overlooked. In whatever way the word "Justice" is defined, it must refer to relations existing between human beings: any extension of its meaning would justify the formal prosecutions of savage animals which were not uncommon in the Middle Ages, and lead to other absurdities. The problem presented by the sufferings of the brute creation appears to be insoluble, but we may, I think, confidently hope for a gradual amelioration of their lot, brought about possibly by an increasing sense in man of the responsibility attached to the possession of power; and if, in the proper meaning of the word, there is no such thing as duty towards animals, we can perhaps agree that kindness towards them is part of the duty that man owes to himself.

I am, etc.,

Hartfield Square, Eastbourne

WALTER CRICK

FARMING TO-DAY

SIR,—Your kind review of my book in your issue of November 10 contains one or two matters which, if I may do so, I should like to explain.

You remarked on the fact that as an illustration of farm premises I chose those of Major Morrison. It was done because I have so frequently met young would-be farmers who have taken me round their only adequate premises, fully satisfied that the far too large sum they had paid for the farm was reasonable because of the premises! I chose to illustrate one of the finest sets of farm premises, to suggest, to those entering farming, what premises can be like.

One of the reasons why this book was written was to prevent, as far as possible, the tragedy of men with means, energy and enthusiasm, losing all they possess because of their inadequate knowledge of the practice of farming and the methods of competitors and those with whom they deal.

Your criticism of my last chapter which deals with the Agricultural Problem undoubtedly I deserve. I had, unfortunately, to cut the book down. I chose that chapter for the eliminating process. I just left enough to suggest that many of these so-called cures for the Agricultural situation are nothing of the kind. I do not think that I gave the impression of favouring Mr. Hole Thomas's suggestion, although it seems to me that it might stabilize the market. I merely have given it as I have given all the other suggestions which have come to my notice.

I am not a politician and have no wish to enter into politics. The main object of the book was, as I have stated above, an attempt to show quite clearly farming as it really is.

I am, etc.,

Lawn House,
Ramsden Heath,
Billericay, Essex

EDWARD C. ASH

UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—A leading article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of November 17 starts off as follows:

No doctor ever cured a disease and no Government ever cured unemployment or ever will.

I take it that you do not mean that Governments have no desire to cure unemployment, but that in reality there is no cure for unemployment.

Allow me to controvert this view. During the recent world war there was no unemployment and there will be none during the next world war. It is a monstrous blot on our so-called civilization that this should be so. But in face of this fact it must surely be obvious that if Governments and peoples would settle down to the task properly and drastically, a cure for the dread disease of unemployment in peace time would be found.

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

SIR,—Nevertheless there is a cure for unemployment, and it consists in the abandonment of the profit principle. What is euphemistically called by the economists of the day the "Distribution of the Product" is simply an ill-mannered and disgusting scramble, which results in the apportionment of the "product" upon the lines of the old sophism, that "justice is the right of the stronger." It is, perhaps, too much to expect that this truth should be perceived by a nation which (although miles ahead of others in its sense of fair-play) is still fundamentally barbarous in its general economic outlook, and in its interpretation of the main basis of its own religion—"Do unto others . . ."

The profit principle, which we bring down with us from ages of unenlightenment, is the equivalent of a system of exchanges which are unregulated by any consideration as to the equal bargaining power of parties to an exchange. Consequently, the distribution of the product will tend to the grossest inequality. The renunciation, or abandonment, of the profit principle spells complete protection for both parties to an exchange. The resulting economic prosperity is a foregone scientific certainty. Not only will poverty and unemployment disappear, but "depressed industries," which are equally a result of the unequal distribution of the product, will be things of the past. It is, however, unlikely that this nation will fathom this until it really begins to see its own supremacy in industry and commerce gradually vanishing in the direction of the United States. It will then be too late.

Furthermore, the isolated efficiency of a few businesses on a basis of ample profit margins is incompatible with the uniform efficiency of the whole business of the nation, which can clearly only exist on a basis which affords no margins of profit at all!

Such ideas do, of course, lead in the direction of what may be called Tory Socialism; but, if the Tory party does not present some kind of Socialism, the chances are the country will adopt the Labour variety of Socialism, and that is tantamount to taking hold of the stick at the wrong end.

I am, etc.,

ARNOLD J. W. KEPPEL

50A Grand Parade, Brighton

WILDE'S FRENCH

SIR,—More than three years ago (see SATURDAY REVIEW, February 7, 1925), in reply to an enquiry by "A. J. A." on the subject of Wilde's French, I quoted an extract from Ernest Raynaud's 'La Mèlée Symboliste,' to the effect that Wilde spoke French badly. In Gustave Le Rouge's recent 'Verlainiens et Décadents' I now find the following:

Oscar Wilde s'exprimait en français sans le plus léger accent et avec une pureté, une correction déconcertantes . . .

Both Raynaud and Le Rouge appear to be referring to the same period of Wilde's life, and it is therefore rather difficult to explain their conflicting testimony. In any case, it is of interest to know that the divergency of evidence exists.

I am, etc.,

PAUL SELVER

33 Oxford Mansions, Oxford Circus, W.1

MORE VANDALISM

SIR,—The vandalism of commercial reconstruction is about to engulf one more of those minor monuments of the art of a past generation, which contribute so much to the amenity and historic interest of London.

The corner of New Oxford Street and the Tottenham Court Road has long been redeemed from the commonplace by a group of statuary in the gracious style of seventy years ago. The building which has sheltered it is to be demolished. At a time when public opinion is beginning to recognize the urgency of preserving the legacies of a glorious artistic past, are we to see such sculpture as this pass, with the *disjecta membra* of a dismantled emporium, into the sad oblivion to which this age has consigned so much of interest and of beauty? "What Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth."

It is surely not an unreasonable hope that public generosity may provide the necessary funds for the preservation in some suitable place of this historic work of art.

We are, etc.,

J. W. CARTER,

V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY

Chalvey Park, Slough

[We, too, deplore the passing of this group of statuary—but not on artistic grounds.—ED. S.R.]

LADY GREY: A HUMBLE TRIBUTE

SIR,—May one, to whom, in lands beyond the sea, the appearance of 'The Sayings of the Children,' in 1918, revealed the beauty and grace of English womanhood, add this humble tribute, in the form of a translation, done at the time, of four lines from an old Nuremburg MSS. book, which appeared in the original edition of 'The White Wallet'? They are on page 13 of the new edition:

A mouth to us Dame Nature gave
That we might speech together have;
But sweeter is her gift for this—
A mouth can smile and kiss.

I am, etc.,

O. H. T. DUDLEY

Haye Leigh, Duffield Road, Derby

'THE TRAGEDY OF JOHN RUSKIN'

SIR,—If there is a "tragedy of John Ruskin," it lies in the impudent ignorance of his critics, who distort a few tags of his writing, torn from a context which they have not read.

The latest performer, and a singularly jaunty one, is Mr. Christopher Hollis, in his notice of a book with the above title, in your issue of November 17. He begins by asserting of the greatest genius who has concerned himself with what is poorly described as "art-criticism," that

the temptation is irresistible to say that the real tragedy of John Ruskin was that he ever imagined himself to be an art-critic.

This he substantiates by quoting a well-known scrap from the passage ('Modern Painters,' end of Vol. I) in which Ruskin recommends a "bona fide imitation of Nature," "rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, scorning nothing." "What rot it all is!" says Mr. Hollis, "just a gabble-gabble-gabble of words!" Now this particular mutilation has been frequently made, and (not so frequently) corrected. If Mr. Hollis had read the words in their context he would have known that they are addressed to the beginner, the "young artist," as a warning against the adoption of a premature style and the parade of an empty invention. The advice is identical with that given to his students by another eminent teacher, whom it is not fashionable to decry, Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres.

If Mr. Hollis has any desire to begin a study of Ruskin's doctrine on the relation of art to nature, I recommend a passage on Naturalism in the 'Stones of Venice,' Vol. II, chapter vi, section 42, onwards, which begins:

We are to remember, in the first place, that the arrangement of colours and lines is an art analogous to the composition of music, and entirely independent of the representation of facts. Good colouring does not necessarily convey the image of anything but itself. It consists in certain proportions and arrangements of rays of light, but not in likeness to anything.

I wish I could quote the whole. It proceeds to mark out the regions of imitation and imaginative invention, of "fact" and "design" in painting, and their combination in the higher reaches of the art, with a soundness conspicuously absent from the muddle-headed or lop-headed dogmas of the prophets now in favour. From that he might proceed to the discussion of "Turnerian Topography" in 'Modern Painters,' the analysis, unparalleled in subtlety, of the dream-assembling from memory, the sublimation of "fact" in "truth," which is the summit of landscape creation.

Mr. Hollis is good enough to allow an occasional lucidity to Ruskin on politics. But he writes:

Really there is but one comment to be made on Ruskin's political writings—and that the platitudinous one that it is a great pity that he was not sane.

Again:

Nor did the coming of madness rob Ruskin merely of his sense of consequence. It robbed him also of a much more important thing, of his sense of charity. . . . Obsessed with a persecution-mania, this poor madman learnt to hate the rich, but he never learnt to love the poor. . . . Ruskin spent a great deal of time in praising the things that the poor ought to want. Can anyone quote a single sentence of his in praise of any of the things that the poor actually do want?

This of the man who restored humanity to the insanely abstract "science" of Political Economy, and, tender-hearted beyond most, was occupied with something more fundamentally "wanted" by the poor than Charity, namely Justice.

No one was better aware than Ruskin himself that much in his vast writings was unripe, wilful or blind. His conscience of this was so acute that he was unwilling to reprint more than excerpts from 'Modern Painters.' It is also true that against a mad age he wrote with anger, and small blame to him! But again he himself accurately described the brainstorms which came to interrupt his work, and their sharply defined limits. To the last chapter of his last book, with its passion of clear as well as fond recollection, his writing, however discursive, is sane or super-sane, and the insects who buzz about his wounds would do well to remember that he was a wounded giant.

I am, etc.,

51 Hampstead Way, N.W.

D. S. MACCOLL

P.S.—Since the above was in type I have seen the book, which within its limits is not badly executed.

ART

EXHIBITIONS—AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST

BY WALTER BAYES

BY courteous invitation of Messrs. Knoedler I was able to see Hobbema's 'Hamlet in the Wood' before, at the price of £30,000, it was dispatched to its purchaser in America.

There is nothing to regret in this departure. It will tend to improve the rate of exchange between Europe and America and I sympathize entirely with the view (so admirably expressed by Mr. Roger Fry in a recent "broadcasting") that whatever prestige may attach to the nation which buys works of art, it is nothing to that inherent in the country capable of producing them. If not a masterpiece, the picture is a *tour de force* of smooth detail-painting; it has not so definite and pleasing a physiognomy as the famous 'Avenue' at the National Gallery nor the poetic atmosphere of the smaller and less known, but perhaps finer 'Entrance to a Wood' in the same collection. There is in it a finely-massed dark passage of foreground to the left, but in the middle distance the determination to wring the maximum of detail out of a few tones has resulted in restless and wormy pattern. What painter who has essayed a like problem but knows the look of it only too well. In short, it is not a work of such calibre that contemporary painting might not easily show its peer, and once more we are faced with the fantastic difference between the standards of value applied to deceased and to living painters. I saw this picture enthroned impressively in a room containing, I think, one other. I went on to the New English Art Club, where three hundred and thirty-six works compete cheek by jowl for the rare chance of being purchased at very moderate prices. Numbers of the exhibitors are quite capable (if encouraged to rather more sustained effort) of producing landscapes as valuable as the 'Hamlet in the Wood.' But we vote the exhibition "dull," as in general aspect it is almost bound to be. As much might have been said of Hobbema's works were they shown under like conditions.

Yet the works of the latter artist are rightly—if perhaps a little extravagantly—valued. We are told that at thirty years of age he got the chance of a regular job in the Customs and jumped at it rather than continue at so hopeless a business as painting. That is romantic, but it is silly of us to throw away the chance of producing artists in order to perpetuate so stale an anecdote, and although I am not myself of opinion that painting can ever support itself on sales—(we should rather invent machinery for "hiring out" pictures at so much a year)—yet it is becoming a matter of public interest to give some small assistance to our younger artists so that they may exhibit, not perhaps frequently, but under decent conditions.

Comparisons between "Old Masters" and modern pictures are not often possible on equitable terms. The members and associates of the Royal Academy are almost as effectually entrenched against the "outsider," while the most successful of this latter class, or such of them as are not immediately elected among their confrères at Burlington House, tend to disappear from the Exhibitions of the N.E.A.C. and the London Group and to show with this or that dealer who is more successful in selling their wares. The result is to make the Exhibitions of the younger Societies less well attended, less noticed by a Press always sufficiently ready to applaud above all success—and to discourage the exhibitors to those Societies from sustained and important work which they feel will in

any case be neglected. The few picture-buyers are monopolized by the dealers. The general public have never consented to go to more than one Gallery to look at pictures, and that one is Burlington House. The state of the bottom dog is thus becoming every year more difficult. He is, above all, so crippled by the expense of renting a gallery, which in any case is of but little use to him, that he cannot properly limit the number of his exhibitors and avoid tiring his public.

This latter difficulty is so acute, and depresses artistic initiative with so crushing a weight, that the time is surely ripe for an organized appeal in the public interest. Let the New English Art Club and the London Group unite to present a petition to the Crown for the gracious inauguration of a "Salon d'automne"—of say a couple of months—within the Galleries of Burlington House. In art, as in politics, there is surely a place for His Majesty's Opposition, and the Royal Academy have, after all, been in office for—how many years? They would be the better for it, nor would the best elements of the Academy itself be, I am certain, averse to such a project. For the younger Societies to unite and put together a show which should compare favourably with that of the older Institution would be a healthy incentive to serious effort, and finally, although England need follow no one's lead, yet there can be little doubt that the advisers of the Crown would allow some weight to the best foreign practice. In such a country as France favourable reception of such a suggestion would be almost a matter of course.

THE THEATRE

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING

BY IVOR BROWN

A Hundred Years Old. By Joaquin and Serafin Quintero. Translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Burlesque. By Arthur Hopkins and George Manker Watters. Golder's Green Hippodrome. Next week, Queen's Theatre.

WITHIN the last month I have seen three plays by the Brothers Quintero, who have been enthusiastically introduced to the English public by so powerful a sponsor as Mr. Granville-Barker. Of these three the best, as I thought, in intention turned out to be the least effective in the theatre; I refer to 'The Lady from Alfaqueque,' an exquisitely smiling study of the countrywoman in the capital, dreaming over the dear market-town and forcing upon her long-suffering husband's hospitality the scamps and spongers of the region who knew her fond infatuation with all things local. Because the play was poorly shaped and sagged in the middle, this genial piece of satire was not as warmly welcomed as the more robust ironic farce about an incompetent beggar called "Fortunato." Neither of these, however, lasted long. For 'A Hundred Years Old' one can prophesy a prolonged and prosperous existence. It is, as its translators admit, "unashamedly sentimental." Judged as a criticism of society expressed through the creation of social types, it is certainly a work of less consequence than 'The Lady from Alfaqueque.' In the latter there is subtlety of light and shade. Our centenarian, on the other hand, releases, as from a bottle, an orgy of artificial sunshine. But, after all, it is comforting to sit sometimes in these violet rays. The authors give extreme age no quality but mellowness; ripeness is not only all, but all over the place. In short, the creators of Papa Juan are not bothering to say anything; they present us to felicity awhile and leave it at that. To do as much with tact and with success is a large matter,

and far be it from me to mock at any skilled artificer of sentiment. But, since many people are obviously going to regard 'A Hundred Years Old' as a masterpiece, conscience insists that I say "Fudge." This is a pretty piece of theatrical design, a pattern of domestic patchwork very colourfully done; as a picture of a centenarian, it cannot be taken seriously. It is antiquity in aspic, a picnic portrait of the happy veteran.

Papa Juan, who is preparing to crow over his hundredth birthday, suffers no physical defect except a slight tendency to fall asleep after dinner, a habit not limited to the ancient. There is to be a family "do" on the most colossal scale; as he has been a considerable parent, handing on a similar fertility to his children, there will be a great gathering of the clans over which the chieftain will preside as a happy master of the revels. The family is nicely drawn. There is the crusty cousin who will make all the trouble she can and there is the poor relation who does not want to come, being modestly apprehensive about the requisite standard of fine linen. However, they are all brought successfully to table, and, by the way of wine, to harmony. Old Papa, having reached the coveted milestone, is more than ever prolific of becks and nods and wreathed smiles, and in the end he arranges a match between his pretty little secretary Currita and a spirited youth called Trino; he hopes that there may be great-great-grandchildren on view at his later celebrations. He has often talked to Currita about following one's light. 'A babbles of bright lights again. Here is his happy farewell—not of course to life, but only to the audience:

See now . . . one day-dream comes true . . . and I go off to sleep . . . and I wake to hear another one calling me . . . and to see a new light ahead. Our little light from the fairy tales, Currita! Oh, I've had a wonderful birthday . . . well worth living for! (He gives Trino a good hug. And while Currita is listening for that music the children in the garden begin to sing again.)

Let the reader imagine the scene. Is it disrespectful to suggest that this piece is, as the Americans would say, "a hundred per cent. wow"?

No failings of the flesh for Papa Juan. Our centenarian must seem to be only in the 'sixties. Mr. Horace Hodges, who plays the part with an exquisite tenderness, is indeed so firm of gait and even so spry that I thought impiously of the antic ancient who once advertised a morning dose. Might not Papa Juan start to jump over the chairs just to show us the ecstasy of turning the five score? It does not, of course, come to that. But we have a concentration on the bright side which is bound to neglect the veracities. There is none of the desperate defiance of maturity, no echo of:

"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits."

Nor can there be any admission that the mind wrinkles with the face or that "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." None of the shiversome aspects of decay can be seen amid this noon-tide warmth and evening melody. Nothing even so rough may be seen as Mr. Galsworthy's 'Old English.' Papa Juan is just one of Peter Pan's uncles, the uncle from whom Peter got his habits. The attenders at the birthday rites are perfectly cast. Mr. Filmer's work as producer has been exquisite and I have nothing but the tenderest memories of Miss Angela Baddely, Miss Winifred Evans, Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, Mr. Hubert Ross and Sir Nigel Playfair. But while I concede every virtue in the picture, I am not going to capitulate about the play. Indeed, I suggest to Sir Nigel that he should organize a service of lemon-sellers in the house so that playgoers who lack a sweet tooth might find some respite and relief from the sugared serenity of this Spanish Old Mortality.

The authors of 'Burlesque' are, in their own jargon, "no bum saps." They know that the clown

with an aching heart is a sure theatrical winner; take him who gets slapped and make him also the charming wastrel and no audience is going to resist him. On this occasion certainty is made more sure by the presence of a song-and-dance little wife, who is caretaker bride of the clown, is deserted when he goes up to make his great triumph on Broadway, and wins him back when he has drunk himself into ruin. The story is very well told and very well acted. Those who saw 'Broadway' will be glad to renew acquaintance with the "hoofers" and the dressing-room back-chat. But here is a play without a gun. Hooch, it is true, is plentiful but homicidal hi-jackers are agreeably absent. We are more in the company of vaudeville's humbler workers than of Broadway's pirate-kings. The second act is particularly adroit. The clown's wife has determined to divorce him and marry a cattleman from Wyoming with a face like a film-star, the physique of Babe Ruth, a heart of gold, and a purse of no baser metal. Then she is involved in a rowdy theatrical party, meets her man again, and feels the pull of the rickety-rackety crew. How are they going to keep her down on the farm if success cannot keep him straight?

'Burlesque,' played by a company which is, I think, all American with the exception of Mr. Nelson Keys, is a typical piece of American expertness. Its stage and dressing-room scenes are very slick in their detail, and the brisk humours of the back-chat are put across with first-rate marksmanship. The wise-cracks of the quarrelsome soubrette go off like pistol-shots. Mr. Keys plays "Skid," the dissolute clown, with skill and exploits to the full the highly theatrical finale of Act II, while Miss Clare Luce gives a most charming performance of the faithful wife. The company is good from first to last, but one must especially mention the noble cattleman of Mr. Roderick Maybe and the quick-silver soubrette of Miss Hallie Manning. 'Burlesque,' which has been a big success in New York, comes to the Queen's Theatre on Monday. It will stay there.

MUSIC

SIR ORACLE AGAIN

IN the latest of his periodical announcements about the progress of his scheme to establish opera in England, Sir Thomas Beecham states that he has received rather less than one-third of the sum which he requires, but that he intends to carry on until the full amount is reached. This is a quiet and somewhat casual way of letting the world know that there has been a change in his policy, of which subscribers to the scheme would do well to take note. It will be remembered that, when the scheme was launched a little more than a year ago under the none too skilful auspices of Mr. Lionel Powell, it was quite clearly stated that unless the money required were subscribed by the beginning of February, the whole thing would fall through and Sir Thomas would shake the ungrateful dust of England from his small, neat shoes. When February came, the number of subscriptions amounted to something between a quarter and a third of the sum originally named. It was felt, however, that, owing to insufficient publicity, the scheme had not had a fair chance. Announcement was made that the period during which England could show once and for all whether she wanted opera or not would be extended for a few months more. I do not think that any date was fixed, but we were given to understand that the reprieve would hold good for a definite and limited space. After that all would be over, and the money would be returned to the subscribers.

Since last February great efforts have been made to arouse more interest in the scheme, apparently without commensurate success. Concerts, some of which have been singularly ill-attended, have been given under the auspices of Mr. Powell, by more or less celebrated artists, in aid of a new fund to finance propaganda. The scope of the scheme has been widened to cover the giving of symphony concerts and performances by the Russian Ballet, in order that members of the public, who happen to be interested in these things, but who do not care for opera, might be induced to send their pound-notes. Sir Thomas Beecham has indefatigably used all his skill in cajolery and his outspoken wit in speeches up and down the country—and then has done a great deal to cancel their effect by unfortunate utterances, which offend those who do not understand him, and by an even more unfortunate series of accidents and illnesses, which have prevented him from fulfilling some of his more irksome engagements. Mr. William Reid, the admired leader of two great London orchestras, has been kept busy deputizing for Sir Thomas at many "last moments."

A reputation for uncertainty, whether it is justly earned or not, is a handicap to anyone who wishes to raise money for any purpose, and it is quite possible that large numbers of opera-lovers are (I think very unwisely) keeping their money in their pockets until such time as they see some definite prospect of a material result. Moreover, in view of the previous assurances that, if it appeared within a given time that the scheme was not sufficiently popular, it would be abandoned and the subscriptions refunded, the latest pronouncement is not likely to arouse any new enthusiasm. I am only surprised that there has, apparently, been no protest, no demand for their money back on the part of the 30,000 odd persons who have joined the League. Their money is in perfectly safe hands, but some of them, at least, might feel that there has been a clear breach of contract.

In the circumstances, I fear, it must be regretfully admitted that the scheme is a failure. It does not necessarily follow that Englishmen do not want opera—in fact they fall over one another in order to pay ridiculous prices for it when it is offered them in concrete form, with a booking-office open from 10 to 10, and a cast announced in black and green. But they do not greatly care for opera in the air. Were Sir Thomas Beecham and his colleagues to feel that they have sufficient money to justify a definite announcement that a season of opera would begin on such and such a day at such and such a theatre, and that the advance bookings would be strictly limited to subscribing members of the Imperial League of Opera, the bulk of the money required would, I believe, come pouring in very quickly. It might even be worth paying the huge royalties demanded by Richard Strauss in order to put his latest work, 'Helena,' in the forefront of the bill. I am aware that this is to incite Sir Thomas to a further breach of contract, since in the first instance he vowed firmly and very rightly that nothing would induce him to put his plan into operation until he was assured of sufficient money to enable it to be carried on without any uncertainty for several years. But I am not sure that this is not an instance of two blacks making a white. I do not, however, pretend to know whether the £30,000 which has already come in is sufficient to warrant taking the risk, though I am convinced that the risk of failure would be remote.

Be that as it may, it appears that next spring we must rely for our opera upon what the Syndicate at Covent Garden can give us. The list of operas to be produced has been announced. It contains all the successes of recent years: 'The Ring,' 'Der Rosenkavalier,' 'Turandot' and 'Boris Godounov.' Some unfamiliar works are, as usual, named among

those to be "selected from," and 'Don Giovanni' makes its hardy, annual appearance, though I shall not believe it will be performed until it is on the bills in Bow Street. For some inscrutable reason Mozart's opera is thought to give—of all things!—an air of respectability to the preliminary list. It is nearly always included, and hardly ever selected. It is furthermore announced that the prices of subscriptions will be raised, and presumably the prices for single performances will follow suit. At this one cannot justly grumble. So long as we allow our opera to be purveyed in the most expensive and uneconomical manner possible, it cannot do much more than just pay its way even at the enormous prices demanded. But it is hard on the opera-lover, who has no time to stand in queues at the Covent Garden box-office immediately the booking is open, that he must pay for his seats "through the nose" to some exorbitant middle-man or go without. I remember myself being very nearly "had" in 1914 by a small tobaccoconist near the Theatre, who tried to sell me an amphitheatre seat for thirty shillings. I preferred to spend my thirty shillings on a thirty-shilling seat at the box-office and hear 'Die Meistersinger' at least in comfort, though I could see only three-quarters of the stage. The remedy for such extravagance, which is not a post-war feature of opera-production in England, is to have a permanent opera-company playing more or less throughout the year. That is what Sir Thomas Beecham offers us, and I only wish I could see some signs of his being able to begin work. There are rumours, of course—but of them it is best only to hope that they may prove correct.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—144

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an examination paper for umpires (and spectators) on the laws and practice of cricket. This should consist of not more than six questions and competitors should append their answers, with chapter and verse, to five of them. The sixth should propound one or more cases not authoritatively provided for by the laws or by the rulings of the M.C.C. or elsewhere in the case-law of the game.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into English verse of the following poem:

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.
Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe—
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.
Du Doppeltgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äfst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht in alter Zeit?

HEINRICH HEINE

Other things being equal, preference will be given to a version that accommodates itself to Schubert's music.

RULES

1. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 144a, or LITERARY 144b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, December 10, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of December 15.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 142

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a lyric, in not more than eight lines, on a gramophone record of a string quartet, regarded in the twofold aspect of a disc of vulcanite and a potential source of music.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a nonsense speech in blank verse, not more than 15 lines long, parodying Shakespeare at his most magniloquent. The speech must be nonsense but not gibberish: that is, grammar, syntax, and the English language, as Shakespeare used them, must be employed, but coherent meaning must be avoided.

REPORT FROM MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG

142A. Almost every one of the entries for this competition displayed a respectable talent for turning a graceful lyric. A preliminary sifting quickly eliminated two-thirds of the total, but to sift the remainder has been a more difficult matter. Issachar, Non Omnia, H. P. Dixon, Pibwob, Atsugua, and Stuart, all in various ways show considerable merit. Stuart's four voices "Waiting till movement swing them into song" is good, and so are Non Omnia's:

Demurely whirling continent, how deep
Within thy spiral grooves the echoes sleep,

and Atsugua's:

Round the black disc the silent sound-thread binds
The captured music till the thread unwinds.

H. P. Dixon is good throughout his poem and his second verse deserves to be quoted:

Come, I will play a part and set
You in the sphere of time and space.
The sting of life shall make you fret,
But hearing I shall see God's face.

But more in the nature of poetry than any of these are the poems of Kenneth McDowall and L. A. G. Strong. Though Kenneth McDowall allows himself more of the academic stock-in-trade of poetry than I willingly admit—such words and expressions, I mean, as "fashioned," "philtre," "jubilant craftsmen," "casket of treasure"—I consider that the excellence of his matter outweighs these minor blemishes of manner and I recommend him for first prize. L. A. G. Strong's delightful poem is a very close second.

FIRST PRIZE

They have fashioned the cunning belly and carved the scroll

The jubilant craftsmen with tender fingers, and he,
Hunched by the midnight candle, opened his soul
Like a casket of treasure, cyphering feverishly.
These four sat, dark-browed, in the looming hall
In grave conspiracy. Man with his new-found might
To one sweet philtre has gathered and crushed them
all,

Till Schubert sings from a disc of vulcanite.

KENNETH McDOWALL

SECOND PRIZE

O fourfold voice of memory
Frozen in one entranced round,
Rehearse for me the melody,
That on your heart is wound.

Bring from the chamber where you took
The impress you may not forget,
Soft echoes to a lonely nook
That ne'er had music yet.

L. A. G. STRONG

142B. I have found it so extraordinarily refreshing to be compelled to frown on sense and award prizes to the most triumphant nonsense that I am convinced that nonsense, so long as it be nonsense of the first order, unshackles the mind and uplifts the heart to a degree which is seldom achieved by the most inspired common sense.

Some of the competitors in this worthy aim have failed through inability to shake off the curse of sense, others because they ignored what I demanded of them and wrote instead parodies (none too good) of well-known passages in Shakespeare. H. C. M.'s speech is easily the best and W. G.'s, in spite of some un-Shakespearean words, is second best. Four others—P. R. Laird, N. Dixon, G. A. Newall, and Majolica are all, wholly or partly, good, and Charles L. Burrows would have been very good if his lines had not been fatally marred by coherence. P. R. Laird has a fine opening:

My Lord, the posterns of a rage forspent
Have prisoned me in this too-urgent humour.
Not consequence nor all the taunts of kings,
Nor the voluptuous belling of thy sail
Could so much move me, as to throw a groat
Into the cauldron of unbottomed vice.

Here is a good passage from G. A. Newall:

O spite,
That in the mocking urgencies of time,
Bedizened Folly proudly struts, and pales
The starry canopy of night;

and six lines from N. Dixon are too good for oblivion:

Like sailors at the mast-top who behold,
With quaking eyes, choughs leave their windy trees
And build them cabins in the roaring air,
For who would leave this island-Paradise
And wander through th' infinity of time,
Were't not to lead white apes to Italy?

The only disadvantage in nonsense-writing as a career is that it is just as difficult as writing sense, except when one is trying to write sense.

FIRST PRIZE

Flatterers and fools, lend me your leathern ears
To make me trumpets, whose loud bellowing breath
Shall shake heaven's highest portals, from the moon
Shear off her icicles, and this mad earth
Drench in the dull caparison of sloth
Whereof are dreams compounded. Such a clangour
As hairy Vulcan's anvils never heard
Shall with its uproar strike the swinging stars
And rouse the wanton couriers of the air
Till all this pageant, the great globe itself,
Like a phantasma insubstantial, fall
Down from the fretted canopy of darkness
Into the deep, a mumbled mass of words
Signifying nothing.

H. C. M.

SECOND PRIZE

O, never did I see the unbraced Gael
Heavy with mirth, his bumbazino clouts
Whirling demure about his tattered knees,
While graveless ghosts did pocket up their spleen,
And buffaloes of Tartary, enthral'd,
Aped the incomparable phlegm of Bolingbroke.
Yet I remember how, at Lammas-tide,
The sweaty varlet of Kent did blench,
Conjoin their pury tabourines, poor choughs,
And so, being struck i' the act, come cranking in,
And from their seats unfix the lords of hell.
A thousand wanton keels are on our Thames.
Lordlings, be bold! This ulcerous foison seize!
With bleeding rebels strew the stones of Cheap!
Shark up these knaves, and Heaven show the right!

W. G.

BACK NUMBERS—CI

EVERYONE is agreed in remembering as a pertinent fact that Mr. Rudyard Kipling began with journalism. But all the things that can be said about him in an article with that text have been said long ago; I do not propose repeating them. For myself, I wish he had begun, not in the editorial department but among the compositors. There, indeed, would have been a text for a critic. For all of Mr. Kipling's earlier work in prose and much of his later has the effect of having been composed a stick at a time, and precisely fitted into its destined space. He has had from the beginning this way of working in, as it were, little, sharply defined blocks of type, which come together exactly, with a metallic click. He has understood form best when spelled as the printer spells it. To say that little or nothing could be removed from a page of his prose without injury is only to say that he is as all other good writers, hostile to surplusage. Where he differs from them is that the removal would leave a precisely defined gap. The work has not been woven together; it has been fitted together. Of the ingenuity and exactitude of the fitting there is no reason to say much; the resource and science of this man, even when condescending to tricks, have been evident to every reader for close on forty years. What is worth noticing is a consequence of his method, a sort of side-by-side presentation of things in a world in which nothing seems to be retiring to its source or trembling through into the region of tangible things.

* *

To return to that fancy of this work as composition in the technical sense, the type is excellent and the impression as sharp as could be desired, but you will be wasting time if you look for more than single printing can give. You can read on endlessly, for a less dull writer there never was; and you are invited by his terseness to read between the lines; but you cannot read through the words into something submergent or emergent. It is not a question of superficiality in the bad sense. Notoriously, this writer has extraordinary powers of observation and a tireless curiosity and a vivid imagination. But though he may choose to work far below the mere surface of life, he will proceed by juxtaposition; he will give us, brilliantly, the succession of things, and never the layer-upon-layer. He will present us with the truth, but with a confidently carved horizontal slice of it, not with the hesitant plumbing of its depths. Truth is solid for him, whereas it is aqueous or vaporous with still greater writers.

* *

Mr. Kipling has not only, in some of his Indian stories, written about caste incidentally; he has made virtually all the characters of his Indian and other stories talk the language of caste. The thing was a novelty when, about 1891, Mr. Kipling awoke famous, and by a very natural error it was taken to be proof of an almost unparalleled, in its own kind unequalled, power of characterization by speech. But the novelist of dialect and trade jargon is always to be approached with some suspicion. He may be giving us the voice of the individual as well as that of the race, or class, or trade, but it is far more likely that he is escaping from the duty of inventing a minutely individualized utterance under cover of provincialisms or trade terms. With Mr. Kipling, when one considers his work closely, there is a very great deal of characterization as regards the race, or class, or trade of the speaker, and it is often marvellously good. He really does know, or persuades us that he knows, what the

topmen, whoever they may be, say when they clear the raffles, whatever they may be, with their clasp-knives in their teeth—the gagged blasphemies are admirably reported or invented. But of such things, considered as the speech of the individual, one becomes now and then sceptical.

* *

No doubt the kinds of men Mr. Kipling prefers to write about are not much engaged in finding a precise mode of self-expression. Fifty per cent. of their locutions, let it be assumed, would in real life be out of the common national stock, thirty per cent. out of the stock of their class, the rest out of the stock of their trade. But that argument will not avail. It is the business of the artist in literature, while indicating race and class and trade, to give us the voice of the man himself. It is well we should hear the half-humorous, half-serious groan of all white men under the burden of responsibility for the sullen, savage peoples, half devil and half child, but we want the groan with a quite personal accent. It is fine to be acquainted with the common language of Scotch first engineers when the engines, well, do not function, but we want the differentiated voice of McAndrew. I suspect the note, even as the average of seafaring men's language, is a little forced. Why, in the Royal Navy itself there was not so long ago a terrible affair because an eminent officer called Mr. Barnacle, the bandmaster, something beginning with a B. My own theory is that he simply called him "Barnacle." And if that can cause a crisis, what would not be the consequences of Kiplingesque argot?

* *

By now it has begun to be clear what genius working under such limitations would produce in fiction. Not entirely successful novels, we may be sure. High success in the novel requires a power of coaxing secret after secret out of a character, meaning after meaning out of a situation. Mr. Kipling's characters are given us once for all, by himself in terse and brilliant description, in obviously appropriate action, and by themselves in speech hardly at all except in so far as they are administrators, soldiers, Europeans confronted with the East, Orientals confronted with the West, in short, members of their race, class, profession or trade. It is in the brief story that his limitations most nearly cease to matter while his great powers tell most. And it is not by accident, or because Mr. Kipling is more interested in animals than in human beings, for he is not, that the 'Jungle Books' are so successful. What should a wolf do with individuality? How should a wolf not be *de race*? Truth to type, ethnical or professional, and efficiency are the conditions to be satisfied before Mr. Kipling can rejoice in a character. The highly individualized creature who belongs to no herd, tribe, school, regiment, and the fumbler, fumble he as nobly as Hamlet, are of no use to him.

* *

About the poet the capital fact, I suppose, is that he frankly (and with immense skill) uses the apparatus of every school of poets. I have been told that when he was on the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, from the office of which he could hear the band playing in the public gardens of an afternoon, he wrote his verses to, or on suggestions from, the tunes it chanced to play. He has done something very like that in later years with the tunes English poets of the past have given him. The latest development, which seems to me a very fortunate one, has given us a Horatian Kipling. A sign of mellowing; and the teller of tales has mellowed with the poet, or even more.

STET.

REVIEWS

REALITIES OF WAR

BY R. H. MOTTRAM

Undertones of War. By Edmund Blunden.
Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.

THE evidence accumulates. Close on the heels of von Unruh's 'Way of Sacrifice' and Zweig's 'Sergeant Grischa' and doubtless others I do not know, comes this book of Mr. Edmund Blunden's. We must be as near as we ever shall be to being able to form a first complete impression, as distinct from the final estimate which, like wine, can only come to maturity with the passage of time, of the meaning of that event that filled the years 1914-1918. There cannot be a great deal more to be said, for the actual source of information is drying up. Montague is dead. The half-generation next in order of age will sooner or later pass that way—queerest of queer thoughts to such as we, round whose heads such tons of flying metal have hurtled and yet spared us. Now here is the weighty voice of the last half-generation, those who entered the war at the earliest possible moment and are just over thirty, now. They are the last who will ever be able to speak as eye-witnesses, and are fortunate to be represented by this book. Indeed, reality is already passing. The war is becoming fashionable. Prizes are being offered for romantic versions of it. It is no longer, as it was only a year or two ago, a subject at which people were either appalled or impatient. This well-named 'Undertones' comes, then, most opportunely and may do much to clear the subject from the fungus of glamour which, I fear, may all too soon encrust it.

I find it difficult to review this book with the measured detachment that I ought to observe, for it is so near to the book we all would have written if we could. But those of us who had been settled in life for some years before 1914 found out so soon the fraudulent nature of all war-cries. Mr. Blunden came to it all fresh, had no solid training in accountancy to lead him to ask, as some of us soon did, whether any possible result could be worth the price we were paying. Thus his disillusionment arrived more gently and could never entirely daunt a nature which is so deeply English, in the best sense, that I can only call it old English. He seems to me to belong to the green, peace-loving England of history, rather than to our (I hope) honest and utilitarian but slightly begrimed modern State. When you read his verse or prose, you understand why English soldiers (or, more exactly, Englishmen impelled by character to take up arms) more than any others were in all ages to be found in the trenches with poetry in their pockets and in their hearts. Philip Sidney was such a one, and Wolfe another, and Mr. Sassoon and Rupert Brooke carried on the tradition.

Now Mr. Blunden has had the admirable sense to write his book mainly in prose, and only the last sixty pages in verse. The bulk is in the form of an almost day to day diary of relief from, or taking over of sections of, that battle line that we used to suppose was the bulwark of Liberty. With him we tread the dark, greasy duck-boards and note the disinterment, by the barrages, of those hasty burials that are now recorded on the Menin Gate and other memorials. And equally, for it is just as vital a part of the picture, we are reminded of those indomitable jokes that, more than any discipline, held our troops together, and of the homely decency of relations with the inhabitants of Flanders and Picardy that made the British Armies the most lightly borne of the burdens those lands had to bear. Who has better right to set it all down thus?

Mr. Blunden had not only what I believe to have been the most average experience, that of a company officer in the infantry battle on the Western front, less brilliant than in any of the campaigns far afield, or in the air, or on the water, but so much more vital. To the task he brings the equipment of the real writer—*dichter*—the Germans would say—he is not the mere civilian soldier shocked into articulateness. The bibliography at the end of the volume, the poetry that concludes it, but most of all the main narrative establishes that. In the midst of horrible death and the long stultification of routine he sees those glimpses of mutilated but imperishable beauty that the worst acts of man never entirely obliterated.

At Ypres:

the sweet simplicity of pigeons curving and glinting round the Cathedral's tattered tower.

As if by some fantastic dream, the flush and abundance of antique life and memorial achievement, such as blend into the great spirit-harmony of the cities in that part of Europe, stole suddenly and faintly over the mind; then departed.

Man, ruddy-cheeked under your squat chin-strapped iron helmet, sturdy under your leather jerkin, clapping your hands together as you dropped your burden of burning-cold steel, grinning and flinging old-home repartee at your pal passing by, you endured that winter of winters, as it seems to me, in the best way of manliness. I forget your name. . . . It is time to hint to a new age what your value, what your love was; your Ypres is gone, and you are gone; we were lucky to see you "in the pink" against white-ribbed and socket-eyed despair.

Mr. Blunden received his baptism of fire in those early trenches round Festubert that were built by the Indian divisions, before Toc H. had divided the British troops into Christian and non-Christian, and passed with all the high hopes of that volunteer army to the Somme:

And now, as I lie in bed in my billet, with trees softly swaying almost at the window, and only the odd night-voices of an ancient town about me, I conjecture briefly, yet with a heaving breast, of that march southwards that begins to-morrow.

So on, to awful 1917, when even Mr. Blunden's buoyancy admits: "Out of the line was out of the line in 1916, but we are older now."

So:

further off, against the sunset, one saw the hills beyond Mount Kemmel, and the simple message of Nature's health and human worthiness in the windmills resting there. There—and here!

When had we heard the word "a bon time" since? How few there were left even to understand what hopes had then borne the battalion on, singing towards the Somme!

Yet Mr. Blunden, being the man he was, never lost the right proportion, and even after the murderous folly of Passchendaele records the "Rabbit, your boots!" that the Colonel called to him, amused even amid that inferno by some peculiarity of those articles, and he repeats the joke, "Did you hear that shell just now?" "I did. Twice. Once when it passed me, and again when I passed it!"

Thus faithfully runs the testimony of Mr. Edmund Blunden. It must be placed on every shelf that aims at worthy permanence. No more perfect than any other human thing, it contains two main essentials. Lately, one of our literary Majors asked why we were "ashamed of the war." The question is ill-framed. Here is testimony that we are not ashamed of the freewill, sacrifice, unique in the world, that so many humble countrymen of ours offered. We are ashamed of the incompetence and venality that wasted their deaths. We are ashamed of much in the "Peace" decade that has disgraced their graves. We are not ashamed that Mr. Blunden, escaping by no one's cleverness from those futile massacres can write:

I see you walking
To a pale-petalled sky,
And the green silent water
Is resting thereby;
It seems like bold madness
But that "you" is I.

PETTY AND SOUTHWELL

The Petty-Southwell Correspondence. Edited by the Marquess of Lansdowne. Constable. 24s.

ON almost every page of this correspondence, which extends for a dozen years from 1676, there is something of interest, and though the major political events are not referred to there is ground for the prediction that if better known Petty would take a place with Evelyn and Pepys, and those "Whose readers are their friends." Possibly Petty's addiction to political arithmetic will prove too severe for present tastes, but there is a good deal of lighter matter which should attract even the most casual reader. In August, 1681, Petty writes to Southwell, from Dublin:

There is a good Man about this towne Writing against Atheisme, and in particular at this time answering their Cavills against the Resurrection; which are, that the whole Globe of the Earth will not afford sufficient matter to the bodies that must rise, Much lesse will the surface thereof (say They) afford footing to all those bodies.

In that most mathematical of the centuries it was apparently impossible to keep arithmetic even out of theology. Petty's praise of the "good Man" is the more interesting as he himself probably started life a Roman Catholic, later professed Protestantism, and died an Agnostic.

Four years later we find Sir William writing in another vein on some knotty points in the 'History of Renard the Fox.' His two sons were "busy upon the Law," and Henry and Charles were employed upon such exercises as these:

(4) What kind of action Curtis may bring against Reynard for the pudding taken from her.

(8) Whether the Castle of Malepardus bee a privileged place, and whether a Replevin doth not lye for the goods which Reynard hath lodged in it.

But Petty found it difficult to deny himself the sweets of arithmetical ratiocination for long. On population problems he would even go to the extent of betting on the next thousand years or so: "There needs no objecting . . . there bee a head for every 3 acres, which I sayd, at random will not bee these 1,000 yeares, and offered a wager of £5 upon it." On the authorship of the 'Observations on the London Bills of Mortality,' the first classic of statistical science, Lord Lansdowne has some further remarks in substantiation of the strong arguments for Petty's claim adduced in the 'Petty Papers,' which apparently Professor Greenwood alone has attempted to controvert. In this connexion it is worth quoting a passage from this same letter in which Petty's curious attitude (if he was the author of the book) is shown. He writes:

In the book of Mortality Bills, twas plainly set forth in Tables that in a certaine parish, 5 were borne for 4 buried, which would double 100 men in 100 yeares; whereas The Author pitches upon 200 yeares for the time of doubling.

If Petty did write the book, and the arguments are strong, this all seems very objective.

Southwell played Boswell to Petty's Johnson. He carefully collected Petty's views in all subjects, and it is to him that the survival of so much material is due. "I shrine all up," he wrote, "and fancy that in after times I shall be resorted to for your works as Dr. Hedges is for the true Opobalsamum." This has a ring of truth and finality which events have not belied.

Petty and Southwell had similar interests and dissimilar characters. Lord Sandwich, Britain's Ambassador to Madrid, once complained that Southwell was unmannerly, and a "forward young man." Later in life his early self-confidence seems to have deserted him and he showed a cautious

temperament that was the reverse of sanguine. Petty, we read, was a fighter, "always ready to attack his opponents with word and with pen and on occasions, though he was both lame and short-sighted, with cudgel and sword." His extraordinary mind was as fertile in grievances as in new ideas. His last letter, written when he was dying, shows him raging against the Duke of Ormond for wrongs committed more than twenty years before. An invincible optimism was shown as much in his endless and innumerable law-suits as in his persistence with his inventions, especially the Double Bottom ship. The experiment with the third model of the latter terminated in the foundering of the ship with all on board. None the less Petty had another of what he called his "fits of the Double Bottom." The fourth ship was still more disastrous.

Pepys's enthusiasm for Petty was probably modified by these events. Once he referred to Petty as "One of the most rational men I ever heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions distinct and clear." Of those who contributed to a symposium in 1665 he said, "Above all I do value Sir William Petty." But their acquaintance clearly continued, for among the Pepys MSS. is a "Dialogue on Liberty of Conscience," by Petty, which Pepys endorsed: "Sir William Petty's Paper written at my desire and given me by himself a little before his death."

In the careers of Southwell and Petty there was much in common. Both entered Parliament and the Government service; both were original members of the Royal Society and were keenly interested in philosophical discussions; and both had considerable property in Ireland. Petty enriched himself in Ireland after his Down Survey and the Cromwellian Settlement. Sir Robert Southwell belonged to a family of "Undertakers," that is of those who undertook administration in Ireland. Southwell also served for a good many years as Clerk to the Privy Council—a position which enabled him to help Petty on the not infrequent occasions when his "zeal outstripped his political discretion."

The two were cousins by marriage as well as intimate friends, but for a long time there was little communication between them. Some years before the regular correspondence begins Petty wrote:

'Tis a strange thing that we who are, no onely cousens and gossips but friends also, should never write to each other; upon the opinion that friendship is not onely immortall, but also so spiritual that it needs no food at all . . . not so much as a drop or 2 of ink once a year. The Tryall we have made of this truth is fitt to be registered at the Societie.

However, they went on to make trial of other truths, as this unusually rich correspondence shows.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO

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THE trader, the conqueror, the missionary—it is a combination and a sequence which the growth of our Empire has made familiar. In these volumes the complete story is told by two of the actors themselves, and if the story of the trader is lacking it is implicit. Cortés conquered Mexico; Gage saw the country a hundred years after the conquest, and of the two accounts that of Cortés is the fresher, the cleaner cut, the more heroic. For a Spaniard he is

not bombastic; he has frankly the poor gentleman's excess of dignity; the official's desire to describe and justify all the steps he has taken. If panic at times caused him to countenance wanton cruelties to the Indians, he seems, as a true soldier, to have admired his enemies, to have enjoyed the subtlety of their warfare, their immense courage and the civilization which the Spanish occupation would inevitably destroy.

The first letter is dull; the second is of great interest. It describes in masterly fashion the gradual penetration inland to Montezuma's capital, the momentous meeting with that King and the treasures of his house. Jealous and warring factions at the base in Vera Cruz obliged Cortés to go back, and the Indians rebelled when his back was turned. He came back to see the kindly Montezuma killed and his own forces driven not only out of the city but out of the province in the disastrous retreat of the "noche triste." This second letter is a masterpiece of story-telling and definitely afflicts the reader with the height of the adventure and the poignancy of the disaster that overtook it. The third letter describes the re-conquest, showing the thoroughness and laboriousness of the preparations, the precautions against surprise, and the final departure for the siege of the island capital. The siege lasted some months, and it was in the end the Spanish horsemen who turned the scale. One thinks of Mexico as the land of horses, but the Indians had none and were terrified by the Spanish animals.

The fourth letter is less interesting. It deals with minor expeditions. The fifth describes the fantastic expedition to Honduras, with its long train of servants, butler, major domo, treasurer, the keeper of the gold and silver plate, surgeon, numerous pages, falconers and jugglers and tumblers, and even a huge herd of swine for meat. Cortés had by now become physically the "stout Cortés" of our tradition, and had fallen into the habit of taking a siesta after his midday meal—and the narrative suffers accordingly.

Cortés was without gifts of literary style, but his letters gain much in effect by his persistent understatement. Thus he sees Popocatepetl for the first time:

Eight leagues from this city of Cholula there are two marvellously high mountains whose summits still at the end of August are covered with snow so that nothing else can be seen of them. From the higher of the two both by day and night a great volume of smoke often comes forth and rises up straight as a staff, with such force that although a very violent wind continuously blows over the mountain range it cannot change the direction of the column.

He sends an expedition to discover the secret of the smoke, "Since I have ever been desirous of sending your Majesty a very particular account of everything that I met in this land." There speaks Cortés, the orderly, conscientious soldier—and, be it noted, with little of the Keatsian "wild surmise."

The heroic quality of these letters is inevitably missing in the work of Thomas Gage. The heroic days were done when Gage went to Mexico. Just over a hundred years had passed when, as a Dominican friar, on his way to the Philippine mission, he broke his journey in Mexico and managed to stay there. The cannibal, yet remarkably civilized, Indian population had inevitably diminished by contact with the Spanish colonists, and a new, unpleasant half-caste population was springing up. The poor hidalgos of barren Spain were gloating now in riches. They drank out of vessels of gold and silver and wore precious stones on their persons. They lived like kings and the general corruption had entered the monasteries. The natives had been converted at the sword's point and baptised wholesale in the rivers; but in the remoter districts they had learned, if they valued their lives, never to disclose the existence of mines to the Spaniards.

Gage's narrative is immensely interesting because his was the first account of Mexico to be written by an English traveller. No Englishman was allowed to land on Mexican soil, but Gage came of an English Roman Catholic family, was brought up to the priesthood in Spain, and it was as a Spanish missionary that he sailed to Mexico. As a Dominican he heartily loathed the Jesuits, and because he refused to enter that Order he was disinherited by his father. When finally he returned to England and became a Protestant, various attempts were made to assassinate him. It has been suggested that Gage was a hypocrite, a mean, disinherited creature and treacherous, who, in search of preferment, swam with the stream; and there is no doubt a lot of truth in the suggestion. In his defence there is this to be said: he was not the last English Catholic to find his faith sorely tried in Spain. Religions are racial, and the temperate English Catholic found the extremes of Castilian fanaticism and Mexican self-indulgence difficult to stomach.

His book was written after his conversion in the endeavour to persuade Cromwell to invade Mexico, and was coloured to please and incite the Puritans. Hence those denunciations and exposures of Romish practices in the true Borrovian fashion, and there is no gainsaying that the story is all the better for these amusing touches of bigotry. Of all the excellent Broadway Travellers we have not read anything better than these two volumes. They should be bought—not borrowed—and read in conjunction.

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PROFESSOR DELISLE BURNS, who is Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship at Glasgow University, has achieved a remarkable measure of success in a difficult task. Possibly only Professor Arnold Toynbee, in the "Survey" which he produces year by year for the Royal Institute of International Affairs, comes nearer to complete impartiality as an historian of our own times. But Dr. Delisle Burns is not content to record political events. He delves into their social and economic causes and results. One might imagine that he had in mind, in producing this volume, Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," for, although he is less provocative, more accurate and more attentive to detail, a certain similarity of method may be noted. In his view, the ten years with which he deals are of quite exceptional importance in world history. It is still too early to say "whether the tendency represented in crude nationalism will or will not prove stronger than the equally natural tendency to co-operation between nations," but he rightly points out that the conflicts and the alliances of Europe have become "provincial" and that "the great movements of human thought and action in Asia and Africa are much more significant than—with all

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JONATHAN CAPE LONDON

respect be it said—the quarrels of Rumanians and Hungarians, or Poles and Lithuanians.” Further, it has become obvious that economic issues frequently cut across frontiers in a way which diminishes old national rivalries but may lead to fresh social dangers, as indeed they have done in the case of the creed of Bolshevism. “In the last ten years,” writes Dr. Delisle Burns, in his concluding sentence, “we have restored control even in parts of the world in which human society itself seemed to be dissolving, and once again the advance begins to new forms of life.” The ‘Short History of the World’ is a fascinating preparatory study for that advance. Not the least useful part of it is an appendix giving a chronology of events from November, 1918, to May, 1928. This is a book no self-respecting citizen should miss.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s history of ‘The British Campaigns in Europe’ is not, of course, new, but its reappearance is especially welcome because the new edition gives all names and details which were previously suppressed by the censor. Like Dr. Benes’s ‘Memoirs’ (which we reviewed at length when they were originally published in Germany), it is a little indigestible and will not appeal to a very wide public. In the case of Dr. Benes, large chunks which appeared in the German edition have been omitted, but, even so, and despite Mr. Paul Selver’s careful editing, the book deals far too much with matters of Czechoslovak domestic concern, and one is depressed by the complete absence of anything suggesting a sense of humour. Dr. Benes is rightly looked upon as one of the most brilliant statesmen in Europe, but one can imagine that his company would soon pall.

Herr Friedrich Stieve is, we believe, German Minister in one of the Baltic States—the publisher is so sparing of information that he does not even tell us the author’s nationality. Basing his study on the confidential documents which have been released by different Foreign Offices since the war, Herr Stieve has produced a defence against the theory that his country alone is responsible for the catastrophe of 1914 which it will be difficult to answer. If ‘Germany and Europe’ is propaganda, it is honest and justifiable propaganda. It is, at the same time, a warm defence of Bismarck as a peacemaker and a bitter attack upon those who drove him out of office and who rejected British advances so definitely that the *Entente Cordiale* became inevitable. Herr Stieve rightly points out that the *Revanchiste* feeling in France after 1870 was due less to the desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine than to anger at the loss of that French military hegemony in Europe which has now been so spectacularly, but so dangerously, recovered.

We are told that Herr Nowak “occupies a leading position among modern Germany’s historians” and that he has had access to official documents about the Versailles Conference which have hitherto been kept secret. It is a pity that these documents were handed to him, and not to Herr Stieve, for Herr Nowak is a good journalist, but a bad historian. His attacks on President Wilson are ludicrous, and his understanding of the Allied and Associated protagonists at the Peace Conference is very limited. That part of his ‘Versailles’ which is valuable and dramatic describes the feelings of the German delegates in the hotel des Reservoirs, their careful preparation of a documented defence, and their bitter disillusion when they were told that they must accept the Versailles Treaty as it stood. There is one little passage which will add to that great reputation which President Hindenburg has built up for himself. When the Cabinet was considering the rejection of the Treaty he was asked whether Germany could afford to resume hostilities. “Success,”

he wrote, “would be very doubtful, but, as a soldier, I can only prefer honourable defeat to a disgraceful peace.”

Lord Sandhurst’s Diary reminds one very remotely of the Diary of Samuel Pepys, for no gossip or rumour is too trivial or too improbable to be noted down. The author was Lord Chamberlain, but, if other people in official positions were as ill-informed and as credulous as he was, it is not surprising that the war dragged on for so long. All the old stories about the Russian troops passing through England and the German ill-treatment of war prisoners are printed here, and when *The Times*, at the beginning of September, 1914, printed a pessimistic letter from its Correspondent at Amiens, Lord Sandhurst declared that it was “criminal to publish it, and what is the use of a censor?” There is throughout the book a rather pathetic determination to believe that all was going well which carries one back to those early days before people began seriously to consider even the remote possibility of a British defeat. Despite its limitations, the diary is very readable and its author was a kindly and likeable man.

‘Battle-Line Narratives’ are alleged to be “rough records, unpolished, ill-set, yet still gems of men’s sufferings for a glorious cause—as true to detail as mere memory can make them.” Possibly some people may like, sandwiched between quotations from the classics and slabs of sentimental religiosity, passages such as the following:

Yet across that strip, with its scores—aye, hundreds of mangled, dismembered, discoloured, frightened dead, and broken boughs, the survivors of the party, clinging faithfully to their cumbrous appointed loads, staggered and plunged—flung themselves into the tangled mass of undergrowth—blasted trees, falling branches, shell-ploughed soil, corpse-carpeted, blood-bathed, gas-reeking, stench-belching, death-dealing—seething cauldron of hate and ghastliness—the Bois-de-Delville—“mouth of Hell! DEVIL’S WOOD!”

For ourselves, we can feel neither enthusiasm nor interest. We are left equally cold by “the deserted, shell-stricken yet green-clad, red-roofed, pink-plastered, blue-washed, lemon-tinted village of Douchy—with a fringe of leafy, leaning willows by the clear rush-bordered stream at its foot—veritably a replica of Goldsmith’s imagery.”

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Since this book first appeared, a week or two ago, Lord Birkenhead has written to *The Times*, publicly withdrawing his opinion that the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who was counsel for the defence in the Maybrick case, was personally convinced of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence. It is a fact, however, that Sir Charles Russell (as he then was) took a leading part in securing Mrs. Maybrick's reprieve. Obvious miscarriages of justice are the cases of Charles I and Marie Antoinette. Those of Joan of Arc and Francis Bacon may have been legally correct—Lord Birkenhead holds (with Mr. Shaw) that Joan got "a fair trial," and Bacon himself admitted taking bribes—but they were none the less prejudiced and unfair. Other doubtful cases are those against Mrs. Maybrick, already mentioned, and Seddon, the poisoner, as to which Lord Birkenhead observes that "its weaknesses are obvious."

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The quotation questions are widely and amusingly chosen. "God make me good, but not to-day" is, it appears, as old as St. Augustine, in addition to being as new as a recent issue of *Punch*. Who said, "La guerre est trop sérieuse pour qu'on la laisse aux militaires?" See the answers to paper number twenty-eight. What is the origin of the verb "to canter"? Why "sent to Coventry"? You will find it all, etc., etc. Finally, to one who in this examination would be very thoroughly ploughed, the question suggests itself: Why not turn upon the torturer? Granted that the author allows that it is only the comparatively uninteresting questions that can be answered, should he not at least have given the right answers? One asks because one thinks one knows at least one thing, and that is that nobody can say that the Romans founded London. The author of this lengthy viva is, however, kind. He gives the answers, if not quite invariably the right ones, and he does not ask, as one unkind examiner did, "Which came first, Henry I or Henry II?"

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snatch at other people's lovers. The characters, rich and poor alike, are portrayed with the extravagance and hysteria that characterize the book. One does not believe in them for a moment; even as caricatures they are not plausible. Their violent emotions are uninteresting. Miss Borden writes in a slap-dash, vigorous way, regardless of the accuracy of small points. Mrs. Whitaker's Pekinese dog is known first as Wu, then Wung, then Wong. The geography is confusing: "If he pressed on ahead he would come upon Leicester. Behind him to the north lay Birmingham." "Deity" is printed "diety"—a significant misprint. Miss Borden makes play with terms taken from philosophy, science, and mathematics; she is interested in what is spectacular and sensational in knowledge. She makes a brightly-coloured hotch-potch of the phenomena of modern life and stirs it with a will. It whizzes round, impressing, bewildering, then boring. The quality of vitality never fails Miss Borden; but how different is vitality from interest!

'The Case of Sergeant Grischa' is another immensely long book. The patient reader will learn at the end that it forms the second part of a trilogy designed to show the changes wrought by the war in Germany. It is, however, complete in itself, and a very remarkable book. Grischa is a Russian sergeant who escapes from a camp for Prisoners of War. He finds himself in a forest with a lynx looking hungrily at him; being simple and ignorant he laughs loudly at the lynx, so putting it to flight. He meets a woman, Babka, and becomes her lover. She, all unknowing the harm she does, gives him the clothes and identification disc of one Bjuscheff, a spy who had also been her lover and been killed. Grischa is taken prisoner by the Germans, tried under his false identity and condemned to be shot. The negotiations that precede his condemnation and execution occupy the bulk of the book; they throw a great deal of light on the German attitude to war and the workings of the military machine. Grischa had proofs that he was innocent and many believed him, but, as someone said, "The real trouble was the question of jurisdiction." It was to the adjustment of red-tape, to the vindication of official dignity, that Grischa was sacrificed.


He is a very sympathetic figure, sub-human like so many Russians in books, but gay and patient and brave. Arnold Zweig has shown great skill in drawing his portrait. His emotions are half-way to an animal's, barely self-conscious, but more surely, perhaps, than those of a finer organism they find an echo in the heart. And in the sufferings he undergoes before execution humanity itself seems to be involved, so naturally are they the outcome of his miserable plight. Both Dostoevski and Theodore Dreiser have treated the situation, heightening its agony unbearably with tremendous feats of imagination and verisimilitude. But their accounts, though more appalling, are less touching. They emphasize the particular at the expense of the general—the horror of his private experience seems to isolate the individual from his fellows. The sufferings of Grischa's dull, bruised mind are never too rarefied to be shared. When he marshals the remnants of his self-control to make a last disposition of his personal effects, when he feels cold after taking off the waistcoat which "he did not want spoilt," when "the only thing that comforted him was the feel of the broad leather belt round his middle, that kept him stiff and erect"—in these simple sensations, the last colloquy, between body and soul, we are aware of the tragedy of death. The other writers convince us chiefly of the dreadfulness of mental pain. The execution itself, as rendered in Mr. Sutton's translation, is a very fine piece of writing. The whole book, though too drawn out, is extraordinarily impartial and capable, sensitive alike to

general tendencies and individual emotions. It is one of the best novels about the war.

Mr. Temple Thurston also writes about a spy—but a real one this time, and a woman. She was of Dutch extraction, and, having been seduced by a French priest, harboured a grievance against the whole French nation. She was a woman with lovers, among whom is to be reckoned the hero of the story, an idealistic Englishman. Mr. Thurston's imagination is always at work, but in 'The Portrait of a Spy' he lacks a theme—unless Liane Sonrel's invincible belief in her power to attract men and soften their homicidal hearts can be counted as such. Consequently the course of the narrative is arbitrary and the separate scenes have little relation with each other—the love-scenes being particularly irrelevant. And we are constantly given glimpses of what is all the time an open secret. The picture of the spy herself is drawn with a firm hand, but she is not an interesting type and her character, being the chief thing in the book, has nothing to set it off until it is brought face to face with death. Then it acquires a meaning, and the story a dramatic finish.

'But Soft: We Are Observed!' is a very successful piece of collaboration. The theme is one after Mr. Belloc's own heart. An unfortunate American, visiting England as a tourist in 1979, is suspected of being the secret envoy of West Irania, a country rich in the precious mineral, Eremin. The government wants the concession; individuals want it; and poor Richard Mallard is hunted from pillar to post. There is much broad and genial satire at the expense of the police and the Ministers of the Crown—now mostly women. Mr. Belloc's humour does not lose itself (as sometimes) in burlesque: it remains fresh and delightful to the end. Mr. Chesterton's illustrations could scarcely be bettered.

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SHORTER NOTICES

A Short History of the Jews. By E. E. Kellett. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

MR. E. E. KELLETT has written a history of the Jews down to Roman times, which he himself describes as "liberal" in tendency. That is to say, he accepts "the chief results of modern Old Testament criticism." He brushes aside the idea that "every disaster suffered by the Hebrew nation was due to a desertion of the national God, Yahweh." The chronicles of the Book of Judges and of Kings were "destitute of the historic sense," "the very idea of objective truth was foreign to them." In point of fact their god was "a tribal deity, not much more respectable than the tribal god of some kafir nation: essentially warlike, bloodthirsty, jealous and capricious." There is nothing very new in this theory, which Mr. Kellett expounds at considerable length in his introduction, occupying more than one-fourth of the book. What is new is the vigour of his language and his complete disregard for the feelings of his more conservative readers. The latter can be left to take care of themselves. Mr. Kellett would no doubt be the first to admit that "modern Old Testament criticism," in the sense in which he uses the words, is almost as much a matter of conjecture as the traditional version of the older writers. He does manage to give us a consecutive and dramatic story, and to throw into bold relief those facts which are beyond dispute. And he does it in remarkably small space. His book will probably be read with avidity by many whose sense of justice and desire for the truth has been outraged by the loose chronology and purely theological standpoint of the Biblical authors.

Sir Martin Frobisher. By William McFee. (The Golden Hind Series). The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

IT was, no doubt, inevitable that in a series conceived upon so ambitious a scale as the "Golden Hind Series," we should occasionally encounter an explorer whose "life" would hardly last the course. Here is a first case of the kind—Martin Frobisher. The main facts of his career are well known; but details are sadly lacking. His biographer has been compelled to devote many pages to descriptions of what was passing in Frobisher's mind—of what, for instance, would have been his feeling about his "old disagreements" with Drake, "if any had existed"! Also there is a good deal of talk about what "Will Shakespeare" was probably doing at the time, and we get some of those inevitable scenes in Elizabethan inns, Marlowe rather drunk, and "Will" observing things quietly from his corner. This is bad. On the other hand, the meeting between Queen Elizabeth and Frobisher, when she espied his little fleet from her window, passing down the Thames on its way to find the North-West Passage, and called him ashore to bid her farewell, is so admirably "written up," and with such an air of verisimilitude, that we feel as grateful to Mr. McFee as if he had discovered a lost chapter of Hakluyt. There is also a clever chapter on Ireland, based upon the fact that Frobisher is known to have been there. The author appears to have confused Lord Howard of Effingham with Lord Thomas Howard—men of very different mould.

Underneath. By C. E. Lawrence. Murray. 7s. 6d.

GERALD MORREYS is a young man of good position and of somewhat quixotic instincts. It is these latter, combined with a casual encounter with an old soldier who has fallen on evil days, that prompt him to shut up his flat in the West End, pack his valet off to Australia, and go forth into the world—or, rather, into the underworld—to discover for himself how the poor live. For the next twelve months Gerald was fated to meet with some strange experiences, and to mix with some even stranger companions. He slept in "doss-houses" or on doorsteps, found temporary employment as a jobbing gardener, a greengrocer's assistant and a farm labourer, and consorted freely with tramps, crooks and prostitutes. It was a salutary experience, for day by day Gerald came to realize more acutely the hardships which so many of his fellow creatures were called upon to endure and to react more violently against the artificial conditions in which he had been reared. There is plenty of movement in the story, and the scene in which the unfortunate girl, Ruby, vainly tries to seduce Gerald approaches great drama. Mr. Lawrence's novel is informed with a fine sincerity of purpose and a real sympathy for "all those who are desolate and oppressed."

Horse Training. By H. J. S. Bourke. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.
Stable Wise. By Lt.-Col. S. G. Goldschmidt. Christophers. 7s. 6d.

NO one could learn much of horsemanship from books, and to start on the training of a young horse equipped only with book knowledge would be a risky business. However, within its limits, Mr. Bourke's book is sensible and helpful. The best chapters, and the fullest, are those on the polo pony. "Stable Wise" is more useful because here is a subject of which something may be learned from books. Not everyone will agree with all Colonel Goldschmidt's theories, but his notions of stable management are sound and well expressed.

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ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 350

(FIRST OF OUR 26TH QUARTER)

(CLOSING DATE: First post, Thursday, December 6)

MOTHER OF MANY WHO BEFORE HER DIED;
MAIDEN WITHOUT A CONSORT AT HER SIDE:
SUCH WERE THE QUEENS WHO IN OUR PILLARS LURK.

1. Assigned to every stage-struck clown his work.
2. You have it in your eye,—off with its head!
3. Curtail what each has made when each is dead.
4. That Man is born to trouble he averred.
5. Of well-ground flour or meal retain one-third;
6. But of this bitter apple half's enough.
7. Lord of the ocean, whether smooth or rough.
8. In ponds, next spring, you'll find me with small pains.
9. Clip at each end just four-and-twenty grains.

Solution of Acrostic No. 348

C	apitalis	T	1 " Perhaps thou hast seen the gallery of
N	O	H	beauties at Hampton-Court. Thou may'st
C	aviar	E	remember each bright Churchill of the
K	it-c	A	Galaxy, and all the toasts of the Kit-Cat."
F	ahrenhei	T	Tom Jones, Bk. iv. ch. 2.
I	mprimatu	R	2 The external ear consists chiefly of
G	ristl	E	2 cartilage or gristle.
H	aymakin	G	3 A dictionary of 1914 describes it as "a
T	ang	O	3 new semi-fashionable dance."
I	nfer	l	ov
N	inetee	N	
G	lowin	G	

ACROSTIC No. 348.—The winner is "Margaret," Mrs. Sparrow, The Orchards, Compton, near Wolverhampton, who has chosen as her prize 'The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill,' by Max Beerbohm, published by Heinemann, and reviewed in our columns on November 17 under the title of 'Max and Morals.' Two other competitors named this book, 26 selected 'The Art of the Cave Dweller,' 21 'Schubert's Songs,' 15 'The Real Men in Public Life,' 9 'Selected Poems of Swinburne,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Astur, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boskerris, Brevis, M. de Burgh, J. Chambers, Chess, Chip, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, Dolmar, Doric, Ursula, D'Ot, Sir Reginald Egerton, Cyril E. Ford, Ganesh, G. H. Hammond, Reginald I. Hope, Iago, Jerboa, Jop, John Lennie, Lilian, Madge, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Dr. Pearce, Peter, Shorwell, Sisypheus, St. Ives, William T. Storrs, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Twyford, C. J. Warden, A. R. Wheeler, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, W. H. Carter, Chailey, Clam, Cottager, D. L., E. G. H., C. W. S. Ellis, E. W. Fox, Hanworth, H. C. M., H. K., Imp, Jeff, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. M. Milne, M. T., F. C. Orpet, Rand, Rho Kappa, G. H. Rodolph, H. M. Vaughan, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

For Light 2 Jonah is accepted; Noah, in fact, only polled twenty votes. Frost, Fascist, Futurist, Formalist, Foremost—none of these could be accepted for Light 5. Light 7. I should never have guessed that any of our solvers had in their ears such strange things as Girandoles, Gramophones, Gates, Globes, Glumes, Grooves, Gingles, Gibes, and Grease.

ASTUR.—Please be careful to spell Lights correctly. "Joonh" for Jonah is a slip of the pen which I hardly feel justified in passing.

ACROSTIC No. 347.—One Light wrong: James Benson. Two Lights wrong: Bertram R. Carter.

MISS ADDISON-SCOTT.—Thanks for correction. I have your four prizes noted, but wrote three by mistake.

BOSKERRIS.—By a slip of the pen you wrote "Recussitation," and I do not appear to have realized that "Resuscitation" was intended.

MRS. VIOLET G. WILSON.—No doubt you are right in regard to Scarecrow.—You will find many examples of compound words in our Solutions.

N. O. SELLAM.—If you will give the matter further consideration, I think you will come to the conclusion that I am not only possibly but certainly right. Rage, as you say, is the impulse, Revenge the motive; is it not better to say that desire for revenge is the motive? It is not food that prompts us to eat, but the desire for food, which we call hunger.

YENDU.—What I had in my mind when writing the Light in question was, that those who try to solve all my Acrostics are Indefatigable. No one has solved them all correctly, therefore—obviously—no one can solve them all correctly. But even if anyone had solved Nos. 1 to 348 correctly, that does not prove that they will solve Nos. 349 onward correctly. And if they could do so, that would not prove them Infallible—not liable to err.

SISYPHEUS.—"Men who never get in a rage" are excluded by the wording of the Light: 'Tis this that prompts the rash. "Rash" means headstrong, hasty. Rage may prompt a man to use a knife, if he is rash, hasty, headstrong, just as rage prompts the bull driven into the arena to rush at the first man he sees. The bull is actuated by fury, not by revengefulness, and his rashness is his destruction. We talk of studying and taking revenge—but see answer to N. O. Sellam above.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

I HOPE all those responsible for joint stock company management will benefit by the remarks made by the Prime Minister at Glasgow last week. Mr. Baldwin pleaded with them to call in the youth and ability of the nation, in whatever class it may be found, to help the nation regain and maintain that industrial supremacy on which we have lived in the past. He referred to the fact that since the days when private enterprise gave place to the joint stock company, there have battened on joint stock companies large numbers of men connected with managements and directors who are parasitical to industry. There are so many directors that answer this description that it is unnecessary as well as undesirable to quote specific cases. It would be a great thing for the industry of the country if every board of directors indulged in a little self-analysis with the object of eliminating those members who came under the above description. It must not be assumed, however, that merely because a director is past middle age he should be axed. The impetuosity and vigour of youth require the levelling hand of age, and a board of directors composed entirely of young men might be as undesirable as one composed solely of grey beards. There is no doubt that Mr. Baldwin has ventilated a subject of paramount importance, and it is to be hoped that his remarks will bear fruit.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

While there is naturally a sameness in all Colonial loans, investors who adhere to the sound principle of investing a fair quota of their available capital in gilt-edged securities like to divide their interest among a diversity of borrowers. For this reason the £2,000,000 issue made on behalf of Southern Rhodesia this week should prove popular, as this borrower has not figured in the issue list with anything like the regularity of some of our other Colonies.

KOMPOSILL UNIVERSAL

Dealings in all probability will start on Monday next in the 2s. shares of Komposill Universal, Ltd. This company has been formed to acquire the world's rights and benefits of a cleaning and polishing composition known as Komposill. A contract has been entered into with Pinchin and Johnson and Co. to act as the company's sole selling agents for Great Britain and Ireland on satisfactory terms. This obviously will prove beneficial to the company. Information of a favourable nature reaches me with reference to the product that is to be sold by this company, and it should earn substantial dividends for its shareholders. There is likely to be a very big demand for the shares when dealings start on Mon-

day morning, and those desirous of acquiring an interest should approach their brokers and issue the necessary instructions so that they secure their shares immediately the market opens.

LONDON TIN SYNDICATE

In view of the decided improvement in the price of tin which has been a marked feature of the Metal Exchange during recent weeks, the report of the London Tin Syndicate issued this week is of particular interest. The report shows how efficiently the Syndicate's affairs have been handled by the Anglo-Oriental and General Investment Trust, Ltd., who control its destinies. Its interests are widespread and cover three of the most important tin countries in the world, Malaya, Nigeria and Cornwall. Revenue for the year amounts to £202,653. Shareholders are to receive a dividend of 40%, and substantial allocations are made to reserves.

CLARK'S BREAD CO.

Dealings started on Wednesday in the 10s. shares of Clark's Bread Co., Ltd. This company, which has acquired a business established in 1887, operates eighteen branches in Brighton and Hove. The capital of the company is £55,000, while the average profits for the past four years amounted to £20,407. The business is a thoroughly sound one, the bulk of its trade being done for cash, and the shares appear well worth picking up at the present level.

BEECHAMS PILLS

When the prospectus of Beechams Pills, Ltd., was issued in February of last year, it included statements as to past profits and estimates as to future earnings. It is understood that three estimates have been considerably exceeded, with the result that when the company's report is issued in due course extremely satisfactory state of affairs will be disclosed to shareholders. In these circumstances, the 1s. deferred shares appear well worth acquiring by those who favour an interest of this nature. When the balance sheet arrives the shares, in addition to a satisfactory dividend, should show substantial capital appreciation.

MOND NICKEL

A feature during the last week has been the demand for Mond Nickel and International Nickel shares. It will be remembered that details of a scheme dealing with the merging of these companies has been unofficially circulated. Within the next few weeks the official announcement which has been held back for purely technical reasons will be issued, and when it appears shareholders will probably be enlightened as to recent developments on the companies' mine. These developments are understood to have been exceptionally favourable. Those who are prepared to hold Mond Nickel shares for six months or a year should reap a handsome reward, despite the substantial rise which has already materialized.

WHITTAKER AUTOMATIC LOOMS

The public were recently invited to subscribe for 8% cumulative participating preferred shares of 5s. each and deferred shares of 1s. each in Whittaker Automatic Looms, Ltd. The prospectus explained that this company was formed to acquire the patent rights of the Whittaker Looms Attachment for automatic weft

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds Exceed £35,690,800. Total Income Exceeds £10,462,000
LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 **EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street**

PRELIMINARY NOTICE

Margate Estates

LIMITED

Capital - £250,000

DIVIDED INTO

500,000 8% Cumulative Preference Shares of 2s. each

AND

2,000,000 Ordinary Shares of 2s. each

All the Preference Shares and 893,500 Ordinary Shares are reserved for issue to the Vendors. 800,000 Ordinary Shares will be held in reserve for the conversion rights of the Debenture holders. 306,500 Ordinary Shares are under option at par.

MEDLEY HARTMANN and Co., Ltd.,

**will, on WEDNESDAY next
the 5th of DECEMBER, 1928,**

make an issue of

**100,000 7% First Mortgage
Convertible Debentures of
£1 each at par**

The Prospectus will show:

1. The Debentures are covered both as to Principal and Interest approximately three times.
2. The Company will acquire all the assets of Dreamland Margate Ltd., and the control of Clifton Baths, Margate Ltd.
3. The net assets excluding goodwill but including the net proceeds of the issue and of the shares under option amount to £287,673.
4. The profits are progressive, ranging from £11,072 in 1922 to £28,761 in 1927. The estimated profits for 1928, based on certified accounts for the first nine months, will be not less than £31,000.
5. The purchase price is £36,000 less than the value of assets to be acquired, and is payable (except for £7,500) entirely in shares.
6. The Management remains unchanged, and the Managing Director will be remunerated by 10 per cent. of the profits remaining after ten per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary Shares, plus a salary of £500 per annum.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Westminster Bank Ltd., Head Office and Branches; Dickinson and Sidebottom, Gresham House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2, and Stock Exchange; Ashurst, Morris, Crisp and Co., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.2; the Registered Office of the Company, Marine Terrace, Margate.

and from

MEDLEY HARTMANN & Co.,
Limited,
31/32 Broad Street Avenue,
LONDON, E.C.2

PRELIMINARY NOTICE

CLAYTON DEWANDRE

COMPANY LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917)

**The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on TUESDAY,
DECEMBER 4th,**

FOR AN

ISSUE AT PAR

OF

**175,000 ORDINARY SHARES of £1 each, and
175,000 DEFERRED SHARES of 1s. each**

ANGLO-EASTERN FINANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

STONE HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

has been authorised by the Company to receive applications for the above Shares through

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED,

Head Office: 41 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2,
and Branches.

The Prospectus will show that—

1. The Company is acquiring the Motor Engineering section of Clayton Wagons Limited and certain assets of Clayton and Shuttleworth Limited, including the rights to manufacture the DEWANDRE VACUUM SERVO-BRAKE which already has been adopted as standard by many of the principal manufacturers of heavy and light automobiles in Great Britain.
2. The Company is also acquiring the exclusive Licence in this country for the manufacture of the STILL WIRE-WOUND TUBE for radiator construction.
3. The Company will also manufacture a large variety of components used in the construction of motor vehicles.
4. Profits of the business being acquired for the first six months of this year are at the rate of £42,212 per annum and these do not include any revenue from the Still Wire-Wound Tube, which only recently reached production stage. The Directors estimate that the profits in the first full year's tradings will reach a total of £52,000. The sum of £43,300 will permit of a distribution of a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares and over 28 per cent. on the Deferred Shares.
5. The Purchase price, no part of which is attributable to the valuable goodwill and patents, is £170,000 payable in cash and Shares. On a recent valuation, the Assets being acquired and the net proceeds of the present issue, will give the Company total assets to the value of more than £250,000 on commencement of business.

DIRECTORS:

CHARLES H. DADE (Director, Ever Ready Company (Great Britain), Limited), Chairman.
CHARLES THOMAS BLACKLOCK (Director, Clayton Wagons, Limited), Managing Director.
ROBERT MONTEATH GRANT (Managing Director, Anglo-Eastern Finance Corporation, Ltd.)
WALTER HARTE JOHNSON (Director, Clayton Wagons, Limited)
MAJOR HENRY O. D. SEGRAVE, Engineer

Prospectus and Forms of Application can be obtained from:

BANKERS:

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, Head Office: 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2, and Branches.

BROKERS:

RUSSELL WALKER & CO., 27 Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.2, and from

SECRETARIES AND REGISTERED OFFICE:

ANGLO-EASTERN FINANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

Stone House, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

replenishing. It is believed that the company has met with considerable demand for its looms, and certain negotiations are believed to be proceeding which should lead to the exceeding of its prospectus estimate of profits in the first year of its existence. In these circumstances, both the 5s. preferred shares and the 1s. deferred shares appear worthy of attention.

CHARTERHOUSE TRUST

At the annual general meeting of the Charterhouse Investment Trust, Ltd.—a report of which will be found in this Review to-day—the chairman, Sir A. H. Marshall, after dealing with the success achieved by the Trust during the past year, referred to the question of amalgamations. He pointed out that while it was necessary to ensure that those responsible for amalgamations realized the necessity for certain elasticity of management, it was clearly the case that a large undertaking, combining two or more smaller businesses, can often achieve greater relative success.

CENTRAL PORTLAND CEMENT

The Central Portland Cement Company, Ltd., have issued their thirteenth annual report and a profit of £41,572 is shown. A final dividend of 10% is declared, making 15% for the year—a satisfactory achievement.

WYNDHAM'S MARINE PATENTS, LTD.

On Tuesday of next week the public will be invited to subscribe for 90,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each in Wyndham's Marine Patents (1928), Limited. The company will manufacture and develop in the United Kingdom the Wyndham's Marine Patents, which embrace a system designed to trap waste steam from auxiliary engines, etc., and to utilize waste heat. It is stated that the inventions have been tried out and proved on over sixty ships within the last nine months and it has been definitely ascertained that a saving in coal consumption of from 10% to 15% at the same power developed has been obtained and that the average speed of vessels over a voyage is very much improved.

MARGATE ESTATES, LTD.

In this issue will be found a preliminary notice dealing with an issue of £100,000 7% first mortgage convertible debentures of £1 each in Margate Estates, Ltd. It will be seen that these Debentures are secured on freehold land and buildings, in the centre of Margate.

DEWANDRE VACUUM SERVO-BRAKE

The Motor Engineering section of Clayton Wagons, Ltd., which specializes in the manufacture in this country of the Dewandre Vacuum Servo-Brake, has been acquired by a new company: Clayton Dewandre and Company, Ltd. This company is making an issue, early next week, of 175,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and a similar number deferred shares of 1s. each. The prospectus includes figures showing the amazing progress which the business has made during recent years. Most of the principal manufacturers of heavy and light automobiles in Great Britain are using the Dewandre Brake, and the company is also acquiring the Still Wire-wound Tube; future earnings should therefore ensure substantial dividend on the shares that are being offered. The issue is being made under the auspices of the Anglo-Eastern Finance Corporation, Ltd.

GILSTRAP EARP

The report of the Seventh Annual Meeting of Gilstrap Earp and Company, Ltd., will be found in these columns to-day. The Chairman's speech indicated the excellent position of the company.

TAURUS

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

WYNDHAM'S MARINE PATENTS (1928) LIMITED

(Utilising Waste Heat and Waste Steam.)

CAPITAL £150,000

Divided into 150,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each

AN ISSUE will be made on TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4th,

OF

90,000 ORDINARY SHARES of £1 each at Par

THE PROSPECTUS WILL SHOW:—

The Company has been formed to manufacture and develop in the United Kingdom the Wyndham's Marine Patents, which embrace a system designed to trap Waste Steam from Auxiliary Engines, etc., and to utilize Waste Heat.

These inventions have been tried out and proved on over 60 ships within the last nine months, and it has been definitely ascertained that a saving in Coal Consumption of from 10 to 15 per cent. at the same Power Developed has been obtained, and that the average speed of the vessels over a voyage is very much improved. The invention is equally applicable to Boilers fed by oil and pulverized fuel.

The system can be fitted to old boilers and engines as well as new, and it is being adopted as Standard fitting by many shipbuilders and owners in ships in course of construction.

The profit for the first year conservatively estimated will be between £25,000 and £30,000.

Recommendations from many shipowners who have adopted the system are also included in the Prospectus, together with an extract from the technical Report, dated November 7, 1928, of Flannery, Baggallay and Johnson, Ltd., Consulting Engineers.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application will be available on Monday next from:—

BANKERS.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, LTD.,
Head Office, 15 Bishopsgate, E.C.2,
and Branches.

BROKERS.

E. R. LEWIS & CO., 2 Austin Friars, E.C.2,
and Stock Exchange.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

A. H. CHIDGEY, Cambrian Buildings, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Company Meetings

CHARTERHOUSE INVESTMENT TRUST, LTD.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

SIR ARTHUR MARSHALL ON SCOPE FOR THE COMPANY'S ACTIVITY

The THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Charterhouse Investment Trust, Ltd., was held on November 26, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Sir A. H. Marshall, K.B.E. (chairman of the Trust), in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that, excluding the item of £3,596,957 in connection with Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Ltd., the total of each side of the balance-sheet was £2,993,897 against £1,227,313 last year. The increase was largely accounted for by the large amounts due from debtors and due to creditors, and they included substantial amounts on both sides in connection with two offers for sale made shortly before the end of the financial year. In an offer for sale the Trust was the actual purchaser of the whole issue which it, in turn, sold to the investing public, the public being debtors to the Trust, and the selling company creditors; in an issue of capital by a company the public were the debtors of the company making the issue, and not debtors of the Trust.

Stocks and shares showed an increase of £857,907, and were conservatively valued. During the year the freehold of the Trust's premises at 30-31, St. Swithin's Lane, had been purchased on favourable terms—a most advantageous transaction for them. As to the purchase of practically the whole of the Preferred Ordinary and Deferred Ordinary shares of Freeman, Hardy and Willis, the board were confident that no matter what course the stock markets might take, they had made a very satisfactory bargain. Their experience with the International Tea Company's Stores transaction, and subsequent investigations into that type of business, had satisfied the board that multiple shop concerns formed a security which could unhesitatingly be recommended to the investing public.

In considering the allocation of the profits it had to be remembered that during the three years' existence of the Trust 27 per cent. had been paid in dividends, and reserve funds, totalling £310,000, including the carry-forward, equivalent to a further 31 per cent. on the capital, had been built up. That was a record of which they might be justly proud, but if their high standard of progress was to be maintained, it could only be achieved by building up reserves. The last two years had been favourable for operations of a company such as theirs, but without in any way suggesting that the immediate future offered any less favourable prospects—on the contrary, the indications were that the present financial year was opening under good auspices—the board would be less than prudent were they to recommend any allocation of profits which did not provide in the fullest possible degree for the strengthening of the company's reserves against a future—however far distant—which might not offer the same opportunities as they were now enjoying. The balance-sheet showed that there were net tangible assets alone representing approximately 27s. 2½d. per share.

A year ago the chairman had emphasized the increasing importance of thinking internationally in matters of trade, and also the assistance to be derived from amalgamations in combating the growing competition with which the country's industries were faced. The board had been interested in some practical amalgamations during the past year, and in each case there had resulted immediate possibilities of economy in production or in distribution, or in both. There had been, in his judgment, too much pessimism concerning the employment returns. The spending power of the population was, he believed, greater among many of the working classes at the moment than a short time ago, and the standard of living was higher than in any other European country, except one small nation, and the working classes were saving more this year than at any other time. If that improvement of conditions was to be maintained, however, the nation must make war on waste, and senseless competition must be replaced by scientific co-operation, in which work the Trust would have abundant opportunity for action.

Captain H. Nutcombe Hume, M.C. (managing director), in seconding the motion, said that the staff worked as a team and in great harmony. It was because each had his allotted task and carried it out very ably and very willingly that they were able to face a large volume of business with a small staff.

Another point about the running of their business was that in the course of the three years that they had now been in existence they had naturally made friends with, or come into contact or association with, a large number of people who were not actually on the staff of the Charterhouse Trust, but to whom they turned in their respective spheres for advice, guidance or help on technical matters of accountancy or any other technical question which cropped up. From them they received the most whole-hearted and able assistance.

After the chairman had replied to some questions, the resolution was carried unanimously.

The appointment of Mr. Arthur F. P. Wheeler to the board was confirmed; the retiring director, Mr. Walter J. Burt, J.P., was re-elected; the auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney, were reappointed; the allocation of £1,000 to charities was approved, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman.

GILSTRAP, EARP & CO., LTD.

CO-OPERATION IN THE MALTING TRADE

The meeting of Gilstrap, Earp & Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday last at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C.

Mr. Walter John Burt, J.P. (the chairman) who presided, said that the item in the accounts, profit on trading and dividends receivable, did not include the whole of the profits of the subsidiary companies, a proportion having been retained by them. The inclusion in the books of the properties of the company at the figure of Messrs. Fuller, Horsey's valuation had enabled the board to write off the whole of the expenses of just on £276,000 in connection with the acquisition of shares and the increase of their capital, to create a depreciation reserve account of £100,000 and to leave in capital reserve £110,000. After payment of the dividend now proposed there would be altogether £36,777 to go forward in addition to the undivided profits of the associated companies.

Their properties were all freehold with the exception of one leasehold for over nine centuries, and were believed to be worth the figure in the valuation. The shareholdings in the subsidiary and allied companies appeared at the figure at which they were purchased, and the directors were satisfied that the figure of £808,840 was more than covered by definite, tangible assets.

As to prospects, it had long been felt that a merger of interests in the malting industry was needed, and, the time becoming opportune in view of the continuing trend of amalgamation among their friends and their customers, the brewers, the arrangement resulting in the present position had come about. There was in no sense a combination to increase prices, the main object being to maintain the high standard and reputation enjoyed by the products of the whole of the companies concerned, and in another year he hoped to be able to tell of progress in increasing the circle of customers and also in increasing profits owing to internal economies. The crop of barley now coming forward was well above the average, and though there was some feeling that prohibition might be a plank in the platform of one of the parties at the forthcoming General Election, the country's climate and the nature and habits of its people rendered it unlikely that such a policy of prohibition would commend itself to any considerable portion of the electorate. There was plenty of evidence that the country was gradually working its way back to a position of prosperity, and the consumption of beer being still well below the standard of the immediate post-war years, there was a considerable scope for expansion in their business.

MR. CHERRY-DOWNES'S VIEWS

Mr. Hubert Downes Cherry-Downes, J.P. (joint managing director) said he thought the first thing to remember about the malting trade was that it was an extraordinarily conservative trade. He thought perhaps they had got that, possibly, from their customers and friends, the brewers. He thought that it was also probably one of the most highly technical trades to be found, and all the heads of the businesses had to have a very intimate knowledge of the technique of their trade.

That probably accounted for the fact that malting businesses generally had been more one-man businesses than perhaps any other trade. One might go so far as to say that practically every successful malting business in the past had been a one-man business. The merger was composed of five of the oldest malting businesses in the country, and therefore those people who had been running those businesses for years, and been running them on some very definite lines, and, now they had those five together, he would like to say how much easier it had been for them to get on than he had anticipated it would be, and that the ease with which they had got on together and co-ordinated their efforts up to the present time had been largely due to the tact and ability of their chairman.

As time went on he was certain there was tremendous scope in the trade for co-operation between the businesses whose interests were now one, and he felt sure that under the guidance of their chairman those advantages would be more and more seized, and that as long as they did not press the directors too fast—he would like to say that theirs was a business which had a definite speed limit; they could not make it go too fast because they had got to carry with them the feelings and wishes of their customers who were very conservative—but provided the shareholders did not press the directors too fast, he was certain they would proceed along the road of co-operation, and that in the long run would result in increasing profits and satisfaction to the shareholders.

The motion was carried unanimously, and the dividend recommended was approved.

The retiring director, Mr. Walter J. Burt, J.P., and the auditors, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., having been re-elected, a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff terminated the proceedings.

THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL

Founded 1758.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

A Free Rescue and Training Home for 75 Girls

is in urgent need of financial help for Maintenance and to repay crippling Bank Loan.

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30 Maps and Plans, 80 Illustrations.

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A Handbook to the Leading Hotels throughout the World.

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CONFERENCE ON ARMAMENTS AND THE PACT OF PARIS FOR THE RENUNCIATION OF WAR. 10 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.1. Wednesday, December 5: 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Thursday, December 6: 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Speakers: Lord Lytton, Lord Halsbury, Lord Cecil of Chelwood, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Sir Herbert Samuel, General Sir Frederick Maurice, Mr. R. S. Hudson, M.P., Mr. C. G. Ammon, M.P., Mr. W. Arnold-Forster, Dr. Christian Lange, Professor Baker, Mrs. Swanwick, General Groves, Major Lesedure. Full particulars and tickets free on application to the LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

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Endowment Assurance provides a means of saving which for convenience and advantage is unequalled. Endowment Assurance is Life Assurance combined with investment.

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B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3

Appeal

S. T. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots, or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St. Mary's Vicarage, Edmonton, N.

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MAX BEERBOHM'S "GHOSTS"

Exhibition of 120 new caricatures and Exhibition by

VERGE SARRAT and MAK

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square

19-6

Theatre

ROYALTY (Gerrard 2690). EVERY EVENING at 8.30

BIRD-IN-HAND

A Comedy by John Drinkwater

MATINEES THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30

EXTRA MATINEE BOXING DAY at 2.30

Typewriting

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The Misses Farran and Robertson, 10 Bell Yard, Temple Bar, W.C.2.

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T IRED OF GASPERS? Try BIZIM cigarettes! Real, pure Turkish tobaccos matured naturally. Delight of the connoisseur. Only 6s. per 100 plain or cork-tipped. Postage extra 3d. per 100, 6d. 300, 9d. 500, 1,000 post free for 57s. 6d. Send remittance to manufacturers, J. J. FREEMAN & CO., LTD., 90 PICCADILLY, W.1.

T IRED OF GASPERS? Try Freeman's Rhodesian cigarettes. Made from selected Rhodesian Leaf, fully matured and carefully blended. A smooth, sweet smoke. 7s. 9d. per 100, postage 3d. extra; 38s. 0d. for 500, postage 9d.; 75s. 0d. per 1,000, post free. Send remittance to manufacturers, J. J. FREEMAN & CO., LTD., 90 PICCADILLY, W.1.

'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 1.12.1928

Allen & Unwin	Faber & Gwyer	Nash & Grayson
Appleton	Fisher Unwin	Noel, Douglas
Arrowsmith	Fouls	Odhams Press
Bale & Danielsson	Gyldendal	Peter Davies
Blackwell	Harper	Putnam's
Bonn	Harrap	Richards Press
Blos	Heinemann	Routledge
Brentano's	Herbert Jenkins	Sampson Low
Burns & Oates	Hodder & Stoughton	Scribner's
Cecil Palmer	Hodge	Selwyn & Blount
Chapman & Hall	Hurst & Blackett	Shed & Ward
Cobden Sanderson	Hutchinson	S.P.C.K.
Collins	Jarrod	Stanley Paul
Crosby Lockwood	Kegan Paul	The Bodley Head
Dent	Labour Publishing Co.	The Studio
Duckworth	Longmans	Victor Gollancz
Elkin Mathews and	Melrose	Ward, Lock
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